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WALT DISNEY'S COMICS

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WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES

In my years of producing Disney comic books, I've always been intrigued by "Mickey's Inferno," the epic tribute to Dante's *Divine Comedy* that was produced in Italy in the 1940s. Dante Alighieri is somewhat of a national hero in Italy, as you might expect, and so this clever Disneyesque take on *The Inferno* has been reprinted in that country, and in other countries in Europe, numerous times, but this will be its first ever treatment in English, to the best of my knowledge. Many thanks to everyone who put in the extra effort and went the extra mile to make this happen and to help me realize a project I've wanted to do for some time.

If you've never read the epic poem by Dante, by the way, now might be a good time to give it a try. It's a classic of literature and absolutely fundamental to a liberal education, for one thing, and you would now also have an opportunity to compare it to the parody in this issue.

Also in this issue (as if "Mickey's Inferno" weren't enough) is a nice "lost treasure" by Daan Jippes, one of the truly great modern Duck artists and someone surely in the running for the title of "Carl Barks' heir apparent." And to put the icing on the cake, check out "The Wonder Down Under," the first installment of a six-part series featuring Donald as a race car driver for Uncle Scrooge, written by Per Erik Hedman and illustrated by Flemming Andersen, whose truly modern version of the look of the Ducks is always a pleasure to see.

—John Clark

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Gyro Gearloose **WASHDAY WASHOUT**	**Story:** Frank Jonker **Art:** Sander Gulien **Dialogue:** Dwight Decker **Color:** Barry Grossman **Lettering:** Susie Lee
Mickey Mouse **MICKEY'S INFERNO**	**Story:** Guido Martina **Art:** Angelo Bioletto **Dialogue:** D. Decker & D. Gerstein **Color:** Scott Rockwell **Lettering:** Willie Schubert
Donald Duck **THE WONDER DOWN UNDER (Formula One, Part 1)**	**Story:** Per Erik Hedman **Art:** Flemming Andersen **Dialogue:** Pat McGreal **Color:** Egmont & Kneon Transitt **Lettering:** Willie Schubert

Front cover art by Daan Jippes, color by Susan Daigle-Leach

NEXT ISSUE SHIPS WEEK OF MARCH 13
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Walt Disney's

Donald Duck

COL. SANDERS

AS OF TODAY, ALL OIL TANKER ROUTES THROUGH OUR SECTOR HAVE CHANGED COURSE AND WILL NOW SKIRT THE ***ROCKS*** NEAR CAPE HATTECRASH! ITS OLD LIGHTHOUSE ***MUST*** BE UP AND RUNNING AGAIN BEFORE ***SUNDOWN!***

QUACKBEAK COAST

D 99104

AAH! GOOD OL' ***GLOWWORM!*** OF OLD VICTORIAN STOCK! WITH A SELF-GENERATING LAMP THAT BURNS LIKE ***BLAZES!***

TREAT HER WITH ***RESPECT,*** COASTGUARDMAN DUCK! BUT LEAVE NONE OF HER NOOKS AND CRANNIES ***SOILED!***

AYE, AYE, SIR!

CAPE HATTECRASH, SOON–

AT LAST I'VE GOT AN ***IMPORTANT*** JOB! SEEM TO BE MAKING ***GOOD TIME*** ON IT, TOO!!

THIS HATCH MUST LEAD TO THE ***LAMP ROOM!*** A QUICK CHECK-UP AND I CAN THROW THE SWITCH AND GET OUTTA HERE!

WAK!

AN OVERFED *PELICAN* HOGGING THE *TURNTABLE*, RIGHT WHERE THIS *POWER GENERATOR'S* GOTTA GO!

OH, WELL! AS SOON AS I ENGAGE THE OLD ANTIQUE AND GET IT *WORKING* HE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE ROOM!

ONE SIDE, YOU LAZY BIRD! THE FATE OF DUCKBURG'S *OIL SUPPLY* IS AT STAKE!

HEY!

KICK!

OH, BIRDBRAIN—YOU'RE GONNA *REGRET* THAT MOVE!

÷GULP!÷

SIDEPOCKET!

TOCK!

YAH! COF!

OUCH! EEK! WOOCH! AAAGH OW!

=HMPH!= WHOEVER THOUGHT THAT *PELICANS* WERE SO GOOD AT *POOL*? BUT I HAVE A *JOB* TO FINISH, SO...

HEY! CUT IT OUT!!

=CHOMP!= =CHOMP!=

THAT'S *GOVERNMENT PROPERTY* YOU'RE NIBBLING ON!

?!?

PUT ME DOWN!

I...ER...CAN'T *HANG AROUND* ALL DAY! I'VE STILL GOT TO CLEAN THOSE...ER... CRANNIES!

OKAY!

SWING!

UH-OH! THIS WOULD BE A *REALLY BAD* TIME FOR ME TO *LET GO!*

?!?

NOOOOO! DON'T!!

TAP! TAP! TAP!

DUMP!

OUCH! EEK! WOOCH! AAAGH! COF!

⇒GRR!⇐ I'VE ONLY KNOWN THAT WISEACRE PELICAN FOR *FIVE* MINUTES AND I'M ALREADY *SICK* OF HIM!

SICK?! YEAH! I'LL MAKE *HIM* SICK!

THE *SPINNING TURNTABLE* WILL SOON MAKE HIM SO *NAUSEOUS* HE'LL *HAVE TO* FLY THE COOP!

SLOW

FAST

CLICK!

LAMP ROTATION

HEH! FOR SUCH AN *UGLY* BIRD, HE MAKES A BEAUTIFUL *BLUR!*

WHIRR

THIS IS LIKE WATCHING A *TURKEY* ROASTING IN A MICROWAVE! HA HA!

TAG!

OH...MA...MA!...MUST...TRY...TO... AVOID...*HATCH*... AT...ALL... COSTS!

OUCH! EEK! WOOCH! AAAGH! OOF!

WHIRRRRR!

→GROAN! THIS IS GETTING TO BE DOWNRIGHT *ANNOYING!*

ANNOYING? *AHA!*

ANNOYING LIKE A *CAR-ALARM!*

AS SOON AS THE ALARM GOES OFF, THAT BIRD IS *BOUND* TO COME TO THE WINDOW IN PROTEST, AND THEN →HEE-HEE!← I'LL GET *HIM!*

MISSED!... DRAT! MISSED *AGAIN!*

313

IF ONLY MY *AIM* WASN'T SO *LOUSY!*

GLOM

WHOMP

OUCH! EEK! OWOOCH! AAAGH! OOF!

WEE WEE WEE WEE WOO WOO WOO WOO WEE! WEE!

BULLSEYE!

WEE WEE WOO WOO WEE WEE WOO WOO

→GACK!← IT'S OBVIOUSLY TIME TO MOVE IN THE *HEAVY EQUIPMENT* AND *REALLY* RUFFLE SOME FEATHERS!

313

??

WOOOOSH!

A BLAST OF FRESH AIR WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOUR *ATTITUDE*, MR. SHORT-FAT-AND-STUBBORN!

MEGA-TORQ LEAF-BLOWER

IT'LL ALSO CHEER *ME* UP ONCE I BLOW *YOU* AWAY!

PFOP!

WHAT THE-??

SLIP!

SLIP!

SLIP!

NO NO NO NO NO...

RRRR RRRRR

WOOOSSH

NOOOO

OUCH! EEK! WOOCH! AAAGH COF

=WHOAAA!= NOW I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE *TRAPPED* AT WORK!

THAT NIGHT–

MAYBE I CAN *SNEAK UP* ON HIM UNDER COVER OF *DARKNESS!*

HUH? HE'S GONE! EXCEPT FOR THAT... THAT *EGG!*

WAK!

=HEH!= SO *THAT'S* WHY YOU WOULDN'T BUDGE! *MADAM* WAS PROTECTING HER LITTLE...*SECRET!*

CRACK!

AWW! MAMA MUST BE SO *PROUD* TO SEE HER BABY'S *FIRST STEP* INTO THE WORLD!

OOF!

KICK!

SLAM

DUNK!

AAAAGGH!

SPLOSH!

FORTUNATELY I'M FLOATING! BUT WHY IS IT SO *DARK?*

WHAT'S *IN* THIS WATER? THERE'S SOMETHING *STICKY* ALL OVER THE GLASS, AND THE DOOR IS STUCK *SHUT!*

=ULP!= I'LL *FREEZE* TO DEATH IN HERE IF NOBODY CAN *SEE* ME!

WAIT A MINUTE! THE *LIGHT* WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION–*AND* KEEP ME WARM!

SINCE I ALREADY SET THE GENERATOR, *LIGHTING* THE LAMP IS JUST A MATTER OF BRINGING THESE TWO *PLATELETS* TOGETHER...

KA-BOOMM!

AT *LAST!* OL' GLOWWORM *SHINES AGAIN!* COASTGUARDSMAN DUCK'S MISSION HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED!

WHOP!

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT HOW *BRIGHT* GLOWWORM IS, SIR! BUT I BET YOU NEVER EXPECTED I'D GET SO MUCH *BANG* OUT OF IT!

Walt Disney's

GYRO GEARLOOSE

IN WASHDAY WASHOUT

LOOK, HELPER! IT'S GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM! LET'S DROP IN ON HER FOR A V SIT!

HI, GRANDMA! WHAT ARE YOU SO BUSY DOING?

MY *WASH*, GYRO! WHAT ELSE?

WHAT? NOT WITH A TUB, A WASHBOARD AND A WRINGER?

WHY NOT? A LITTLE SOFT SOAP AND SOME HARD SCRUBBING, AND THE GRAVY SPOTS ARE GONE!

BUT GRANDMA, THAT'S WHAT *WASHING MACHINES* ARE FOR! WAIT! I'LL GET ONE FROM THE INTERNET WITH MY MATERIALIZER!

THERE! A BRAND NEW RINSOMATIC!

IT'S THE LATEST THING IN THE FIELD OF SPOT REMOVAL!

A CHILD CAN DO THE WASH! PUT THE TABLECLOTH IN THE MACHINE, ADD SOME DETERGENT...

...AND IT DOES IT ALL FOR YOU!

MY, MY!

SOON...

HERE'S YOUR TABLECLOTH, CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

HMM!

REALLY? GUS' GRAVY SPOTS ARE STILL THERE!

OH NO!

BUT IT SAYS RIGHT HERE ON THE LABEL, "BLUF REMOVES EVEN THE TOUGHEST SPOTS!"

PURE SALES TALK! NOTHING BEATS SOFT SOAP AND HARD SCRUBBING!

Bluf

I'LL ADD SOME EXTRA ENZYMES TO THE DETERGENT! THEY'RE SURE TO DISSOLVE EVEN THESE STUBBORN SPOTS!

BUT...

OOPS!

MY SUNDAY TABLECLOTH IS FULL OF *HOLES!*

DON'T WORRY! THIS RENEWING SPRAY WILL FIX IT!

NOW THE CLOTH IS THE SAME AS BEFORE!

YES! GRAVY SPOTS AND ALL!

GRMPH! NOW TO GO ALL OUT! WHITENERS! CHALK! BLEACH! DETERGENTS! THE WORKS!

AND...

NOW THE CLOTH IS AS STIFF AS A BOARD—AND THE SPOTS ARE STILL THERE!

OH! UH—I'LL ADD SOME SOFTENER, TOO!

THERE HAS TO BE *SOME* WAY TO GET THOSE GRAVY SPOTS OUT!

OOPS...

OW!

BONK!

WAIT A SEC...

...

IF I COMBINE HMNO4 OR MN2O7 WITH (C6H1OO5)N AND THEN...

I'LL LET THE COMPUTER FIGURE IT OUT!

HERE'S THE RESULT! BUT...*WHAT?*

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

SOFT SOAP AND HARD SCRUBBING! THAT'S THE BEST WAY TO GET GRAVY SPOTS OUT OF A TABLECLOTH!

AS FOR YOUR NEWFANGLED DOODAD, GYRO—I THINK I'LL MAKE A CHICKEN COOP OUT OF IT!

=SIGH!=

The End

Mickey's INFERNO

An Italian Disney Classic · 1949

THE TIME IS TEN PM, BUT THE TOWER CLOCK STRIKES TWENTY— JOLTED BY THE CHEERS MICKEY AND GOOFY GET FOR PERFORMING IN THE DIVINE COMEDY! MICKEY PLAYS THE AUTHOR, ITALIAN POET DANTE! GOOFY IS VIRGIL, THE ROMAN POET WHO LEADS DANTE THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD

"...WE CAME FORTH, AN' SAW THE STARS AGA.N!"

NO FAIR! YER MAKIN' ME SEE STARS THUH HARD WAY!

BRAVO!

YAY!

BRAVO!

ENCORE!

I PAID YOU TA SABOTAGE THUH SHOW AN' MAKE TH' MOUSE LOOK BAD!

DON'T VORRY, BOSS! ONLY NOW ISS IT TIME TO GO INTO ACTION!

MICKEY'S SUCCESS GOES DOWN BADLY WITH PEGLEG PETE AND HIS SINISTER SIDEKICK—ABDUL, THE BAZOOKISTANI HYPNOTIST!

WHAT TH' ?

ABRACADABRA! YOU V'LL NEFFER COME BACK TO YOURSELVES! NEFFER!

ER EGO SUM OR SUMTH N'!

THE SPELL TAKES EFFECT! THE SHOW IS OVER, BUT MICKEY AND GOOFY NOW BELIEVE THEY REALLY ARE OLD-TIME POETS.

OH-H, MICKEY! YOU WERE GREAT!

WHO'S THUH GAL? OR FEM NA IN LAT N, FEMINAE BE N' TH' PLURAL

TH S FAIR ANGEL SEEMS FAMILIAR TO ME!

"FAIR ANGEL?" TEE-HEE!: ISN'T THE PLAY OVER, M CKEY?

AH, BEATRICE! 'TIS NOT YET FINISHED—TH S COMEDY THAT BEGAN HALFWAY THROUGH THE JOURNEY OF OUR L FE!

BEA-TRICE?! ARE YOU CRAZY?

NAY! I'M A POET! SOME SAY T'S THE SAME THING!

I'M A POET TOO, STRAN-GER!

"STRAN-GER?!" I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE FUN OF ME!

:AWP!: AGA N WE SEE STARS!

DIFFICILIA QUAE PULCHRA.. BEAUTIFUL THINGS ARE D FF CULT!

STILL UNDER THE SPELL, PUZZLED MICKEY AND GOOFY WANDER THE STREETS OF MOUSE-TON!

BY CAESAR! WHY AIN'T I EVER HEARD O' THIS PART O' THUH UNDER-WORLD?

LET LS CONSULT THE SCROLLS IN THIS L BRARY!

THEY BEGIN READING, BUT A STRANGE SLEEP OVERCOMES THEM!

GAWRSH, I'M TIRED! OH, TA SNOOZE

PERCHANCE . TO DREAM .. :YAWN!:

OMIGOSH!

DANTE ALIGHIERI

THE DIVINE COMEDY

VOICKS! OUR HEROES' ASTRAL SELVES ARE HYPNOTICALLY DRAWN INTO THE UNDERWORLD! WILL THEY ESCAPE? WE'LL LET "POET" MICKEY TELL WHAT CAME NEXT

CANTO II

I saw this creepy forest, as I knew it
From my first canto— I was Dante, right?
Or was I? Hmm! I still felt like a poet..

But I'm not Italian, am I? And...good night!
Awful-lookin' beasts straight at me stared,
With sounds of doggone awful rage an' fight!

If I'd been Dante, I'd have been prepared
For this... but no, I only hoped to hide!
I remembered I was Mickey... I was scared!

SNARL

RRR!

HEH! HEH!

CLUNK!

When I came to a hill that lay beside
This awful-looking rat's nest of a valley
That filled my very heart with fear inside,

RRING-RING!

-KZOO

OWF!

I looked up! And riding toward me madly
There came a fella on a speeding bike—
Pedaling like he didn't want to dally!

SO YUH FINALLY GOT HERE! 'BOUT TIME!

He parked and quickly got off, smiling like
A cheerful Welcome Wagon kinda guy!
"I'm Goofy, mister! Glad yuh made thuh hike!"

G-GOOFY? OF COURSE! IT'S ALL COMIN' BACK!

AN' YER COMIN' WITH ME TA HADES!

"I'm a poet, too, an' I ain't shy!
I gotta take yuh with me down below!
It's dark an' dank an' ooky...don't ask why!"

WE'RE HERE BY MISTAKE, AN' HAFTA FIND THE EXIT!

BUT WHO'LL LET US THROUGH IT?

"Demons! That's who, Mick! They won't say no...
'Cause mortals don't belong here! No, sirree!
We ask 'em nice, they're shure ta let us go!"

C'MON NOW! THUH INFERNO AWAITS!

BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY FIRE NSURANCE!

Goofy took my hand, as you can see,
And with a grin an' high-falutin words,
He said "MOVE... or slowpokes we will be!"

YEAH! MOVE, MOUSE! OR WE'LL BOIL YOU IN OIL!

LET 'IM HAVE IT, BROTHER!

I'LL TAN YER HIDE!

An' then, on wings like giant birds,
There came three messengers flying fast
As doves — though DEMONS fly in SMALLER herds!

Poet Goofy spoke again! "Yuh dast
Ta take their kindly invite cheerful-like!
Or else their FRIENDSHIP may not LAST!"

C'MON, MICK! YUH CAN'T RUN AWAY!

I'M ONLY OBEY-ING BECAUSE I HAVE TO!

"So if we're gonna take a deep-down hike
Into thuh Underworld, we gotta hustle!
I'll go first! Then YOU go SECOND, tyke!"

CANTO III

So just like that, we both began to bustle,
An' walked till we were fully outta breath,
Plodding till we'd worn out every muscle!

HEY, UP THERE WANNA G MME SOME HELP?

WON'T THIS SLOPE EVER END?

Along an endless ridge, at risk of death!
Pushing hard an' pedaling fit to burst,
Hoping not to end up like Macbeth!

TH' LAND-SCAPE'S SO MONOTONOUS IN THE UNDER-WORLD!

DIDN'T WE JEST PASS THIS SCENERY?

Our aims were noble,
but we faced th' worst!
No matter how we tried, we ENDED UP
Back where we'd STARTED! We were cursed!

WHO'S THAT WHIS-TLING?

THAT AIN'T A WHISTLE!

THWEEE!

That's when
I asked, "Goofy, hear that?" "Yup!
Sounds like whistlin', but it ain't! It's trouble!
A nail on thuh road a-stickin' up..."

DURN IT, ANYWAY!

"...has jest reduced
muh CYCLE-TIRE ta RUBBLE!
We can't bike on with a wheel gone flat!
Curse thuh goldurn luck! An' curse it double!"

NOW WHUT'LL WE DO?

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

I quickly went to grab a serpent that
Was hanging from a branch above my head,
And swapped him for the tire, tit for tat!

GOSH! WHAT'S THAT NO SE?

IT SOUNDS LIKE A JET ENGINE!

ROOOAR

A sudden roaring shook the cavern bed
On which we biked.
"Hey, Goof," I asked. "Ya know
What that noise is?" "Stay calm,"
he bravely said.

OKAY, BUDDY! WHERE'S THE FIRE?

GAWRSH! IS THIS THUH INFERNO, OR A ZOO?

D-DON'T BE AFRA D' I'LL P-P-PROTECT Y'—!

"Down here
yuh musn't CHICKEN OUT, an' so..."
Alas, the Goof himself turned chicken next,
He shivered as he spoke, an' then lay low!

ONE MORE STEP AN' I'LL SHOOT!

WHO IS THIS?

HADES NEEDS TRAFFIC COPS?!

As the Goof lay flat like he'd been hexed,
I wondered what had brought him
to this state...
Until I saw a lion— lookin' vexed!

NO LIGHTS OR REFLECTORS ON THAT THING? THAT'S A TEN-DOLLAR FINE!

!!!

???

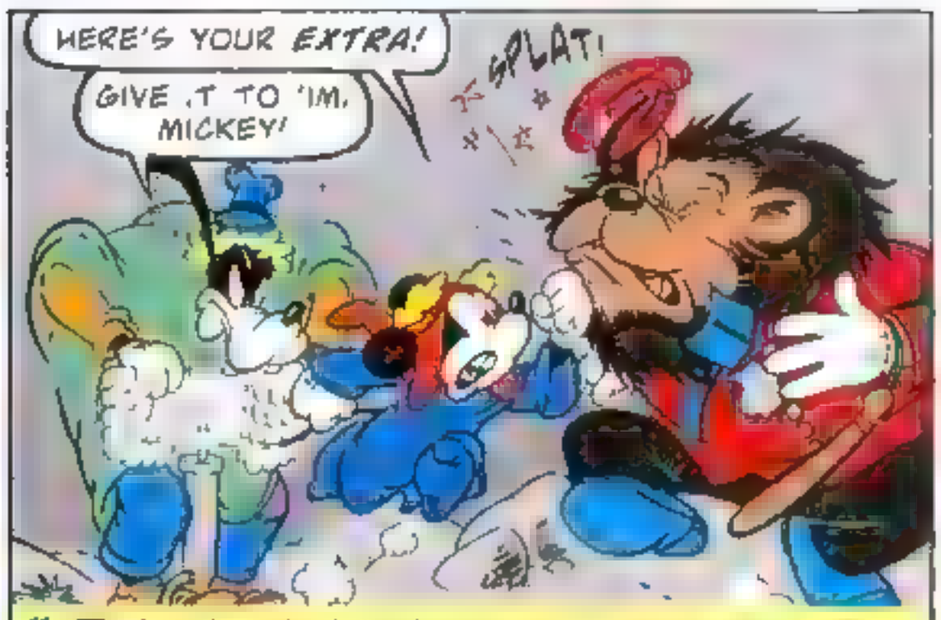
He said, "You two are doomed to wait
Among the poor LOST SOULS who go without
Headlights or a rear reflector, mate!"

DERN HIGHWAY ROBBER!

A BLACKMAILER TOO, HUH?

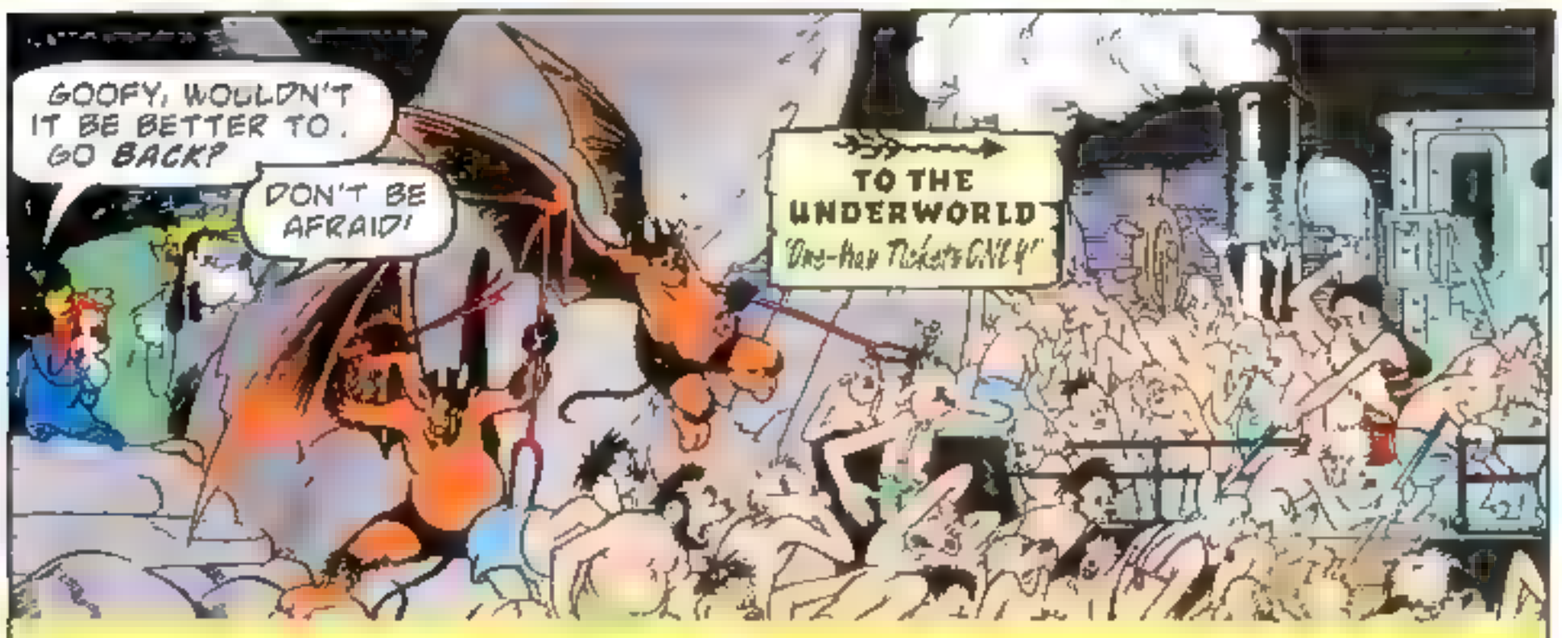
CALLING ME A ROBBER? THAT'LL BE TWO DOLLARS EXTRA!

"Always brake at traffic signs, you fools!
Ten dollars you must pay for horsing
'Round and breaking scads of traffic rules!"



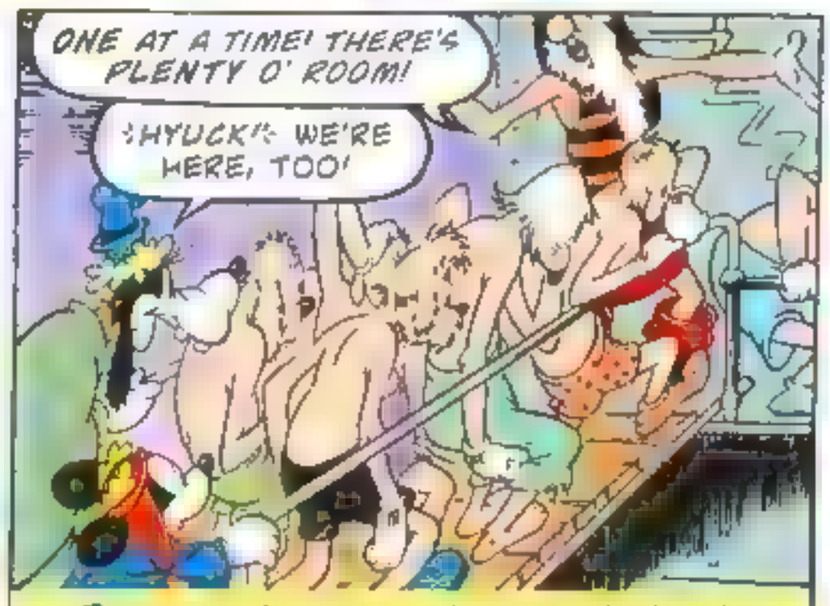
"Rules?" I asked. "What RULES are YOU enforcing?
There aren't any traffic laws down here!
A blow for JUSTICE, mister, I'm endorsing!"

We quickly scooted off with little fear.
Then in a flash we came upon a hole
From which we heard th' sounds of awful DREAR!



Demons herded gangs of ghostly souls
Aboard a ship beside an indoor dock.
What a fate! I wanted to console

The ghosts, but they began to sock
And kick each other, bound to get aboard.
In Acheron lake the boat began to rock!



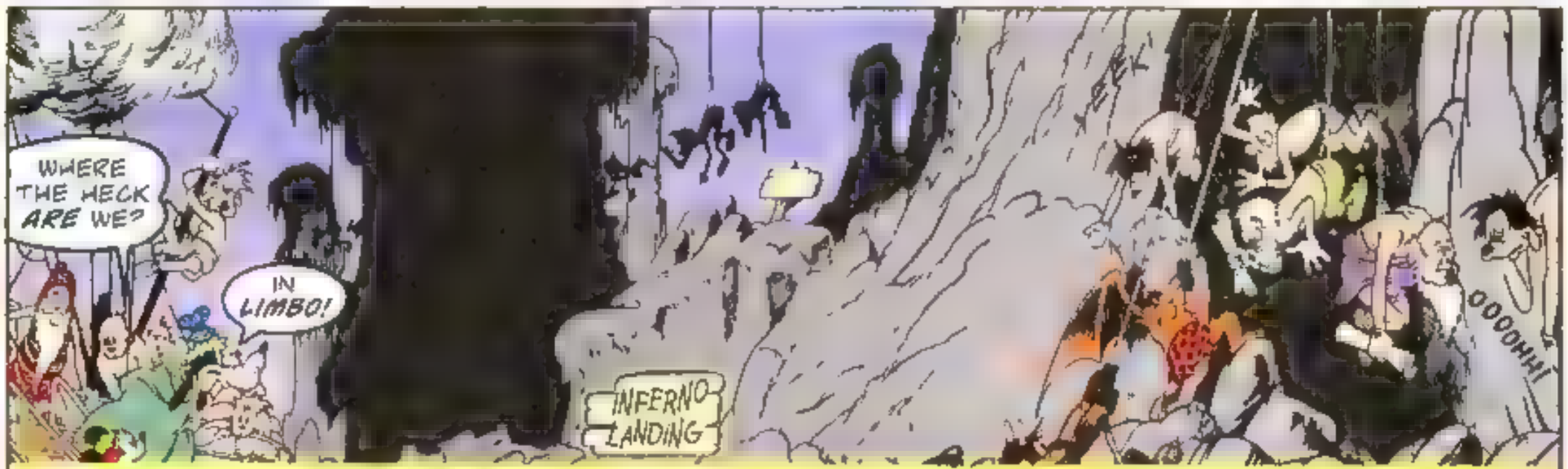
Captain Charyon, welcoming the horde,
Howled "Woe be unto you...
BAD DEEDS you did!
PUNISHMENTS in Limbo lie in store!"

But as we tried to board,
th' captain hid
His smile and tried to BAR us from the ship!
"LIVE swabs can't ride with ghosts! Get rid, get rid!"

My guide told all!
His tale was a pip:
"Muh pal's a comic star!" But Charyon said
"Stars I know not— comic EDITORS I WHIP!"

He added,
"A dark valley
lies ahead
Where as poets, ye'll find solace rare—
With THIEVES an' LIARS,
swabs whose hands are red!"

CANTO IV



Soon as off the ghostly boat we dared,
A rocky, tight ravine we ventured by,
Where demons swung poor fellas in midair!

As a gust of yawns blew through the sky
We saw the punished were TEACHERS all!
But... schoolmarms, HERE? I wondered why!

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

COME ONE, COME ALL! HIT A BULLSEYE AND WIN A DIPLOMA!

ENGLISH TEACHERS SCIENCE TEACHERS!

As the group dangled, plain an' tall,
Gathering beneath 'em, round about,
Were kids, all lining up to play ball!

An' we saw a carny barker who'd often shout
"Honor your teachers, boys and girls!
A quarter a throw! Roll out! Roll out!"

MATH IS MY FAVORITE!

I'LL TAKE A WHACK AT HISTORY!

I quickly got a hunch, th' kid who hurls
The most "missiles" wins! For which they used
Wadded up REPORT CARDS, th' little churls!

YOWP!

EEP!

DID I ERR?

TAKE THAT FOR KEEPING ME AFTER CLASS!

AND THIS FOR THAT EXTRA TERM PAPER!

Most teachers are swell,
but THIS bunch had misused
Their power UNFAIRLY on kids, it seemed.
So humblings in Hades were their dues!

THAT OLD LADY LOOKS LIKE A MATH TEACHER! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HER!

SHURE!

THE SQUARE OF THE HYPOTENUSE IS EQUAL TO... MUMBLE-MUMBLE DRONE DRONE DRONE.

"Poet," I asked, a little steamed,
"Tell me the name of this frantic
Old lady who's swingin' here getting reamed!"

GEE WHIZ! MATH CLASS MIGHT BE FUN

BUT NOT WITH A BORIN' TEACHER LIKE HER!

BAH! SHUT UP! I LIKE BEING BORING!

Answering in a voice pedantic,
The old girl who could
never sit down
Said "I am Bad Teaching...
victim of antics!"

SOLVE THIS PROBLEM IN YOUR HEAD, TEACHER!

NOW YOU'LL REALLY BE CUT OUT FOR DOING MATH!

WHAT YOU BRATS NEED IS MORE HOMEWORK!

"My father was Archimedes," she frowned,
"Who fed me the juice of square roots!
"But I drank too MUCH, and got renowned

"...For BORING my pupils, the brutes!
I'm immortal here; the tricks they play
Don't KILL me, so who gives two hoots?"

IT IS TRUTH THAT I SEEK IN THE WELL!

I WOULD RATHER SEEK WISDOM!

ALWAYS SEEKING, NEVER FINDING!

Crossing a bridge atop a quay
We saw in the shadow of an oak
Four guys at a well, kinda old an' gray.

The water was a dark and slimy joke,
And the bucket leaked going up and down.
I wondered, who were these sorry folk?

WHO ARE YOU, OL' MAN?
ME? THE SON OF NO ONE, AND THE FATHER OF ALL LAN-GUAGES!
HOMER
"Of all the sciences," the old man frowned, "I am the originator. And This is my fount of knowledge renowned!"

MAY I PRESENT JULIUS CAESAR, MY FAVORITE SON!
AND WHO MIGHT YOU BAR-BAR ANS BE?
>WAAOH!< LEGGO THUH WEAPON, GENERAL!
HOMER
WE AREN'T GAULS!
"I am an old Greek; give me a hand! Master and father of every subject, The majority of which I began!"

IN HOW MANY PARTS WAS GAUL DIVIDED, MY BOYS?
IN THREE! SAY THREE!
I DON'T CARE! JUST DON'T LET 'IM DIVIDE ME!
"Caesar is this man; Rome he protects, He has a grim face and is awful tough! Do hope that to you he doesn't object!"

GIDDAP, HORSE! CARRY CAESAR TO HIS GLORY!
DO WE REALLY HAFTA CROSS THUH RUBICON?
"By a brother betrayed and treated rough, His story was great, and we should know; For he told it to us, and that's no bluff!"

AND THIS IS THE FATHER OF THE SOPHIST PHILOSOPHY!
THE GUY WHO SAYS EVERYTHING'S RELATIVE?
"Now this bloke's quite an old so-and-so; A most boring friend, and a walking joke! He's right even when he's wrong, you know!"

UH...DON'T THUH BLOOD GO TO YER HEAD?
WHO'S TO SAY I'M NOT R GHT SIDE UP, AND EVERYTHING ELSE IS UPSIDE-DOWN?
"He is a Sophist, father of those folk Who can't say exactly who they are; On logic they rather seem to choke!

THE HEAD IS THE OPPOSITE OF THE FEET, SO WHEN THEY ARE ON TOP THEY BECOME THE HEAD! IF WRONG IS MERELY RIGHT TURNED UPS-DE-DOWN, WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE YOU?
UH CONFUSED?
"I say, hitch your wagon to a star! Don't argue with the philosopher set; You'd do better to leave and travel far!"

SUN? RAIN? DO THEY REALLY EXIST, OR DO WE IMAGINE THEM?
Then the sky flashed vermilion red; And in th' skies surrounding us, Thunder and lightning turned my head!

GOOFY, LET'S GET OUTTA THIS CRAZY PLACE!
I ALSO TAKE LEAVE!
THET'S THUH MOST SENS-BLE THING I'VE HEARD YET!
An' spattering rain soon made a fuss Upon the heads of the ghostly crew Who'd long filled schoolkids with disgust!

CANTO V

TELL ME, GOOFY, WHERE ARE WE?
THUH SECOND CIRCLE O' HADES!
From circle one to circle two Goofy led me on a stairway down! A new level of Hades, with lots to do!

Slogging on through the rain, we found A faint light glowing to light our way; An' CERBERUS—>gulp!< with an evil frown!

GULP!

CHOMP!!!

This hound of the mists could bark an' bay
From three big mouths! While down below,
A crowd of souls in the deep mud lay!

They'd have loved to scram, but could they? No!
The big dog chomped each one who tried!
And did they howl? Like dentists' patients! Whoa!

The Circle of Gluttons lay alongside.
Full o' folks who, in life, had loved their sweets!
Their penance came in bein' plied

With more food than even they could eat!
Cakes and pizzas by the score...
Rivers with milk an' honey replete!

YOU'RE GONNA EAT, LIKE 'T OR NOT!

Lots of guys could
chow down no more—
Havin' had their fill
of taste temptation!
But darn the luck, a demon bore

Down on them
in wicked animation!
With a turkey baster, he pumped folks up
Full of gravy enough to drown a nation!

TA-RA!
TA-RA!

As we left them all to their dismal sup,
Our ears were hit by a noisy blast!
First a trumpet call, then a loud gallop!

RUN FOR 'T!

'T was the hounds of Hades! As I cast
My eyes ahead, I saw the mutts
In packs of thousands, dashing past!

MOVE, GOOFY! HE WON'T LET ME!

Their duty it was to bite the butts
Of the guys who were enslaved down here!
Cerberus, barking like he was nuts,

Chomped poor Goofy in the rear!
"Feet, do yer stuff!" he yelled aloud.
"This doggie's foes have lots ta fear!"

LET HIM GO, BOWSER!

YEE-OWIE!

I freed the Goof, but I wasn't proud!
A giant pan of frying fare
Lay right below, and in he plowed!

WAK! MUST

. BE THE MAN

COURSE!

YES! AND ALL FOR YOU!

FER GOSH SAKES! IS THAT WHO IT LOOKS L KE?

What a shock! Donald's nephews — HERE?
"But THEY'RE not spirits!" And then I knew:
This was not the REAL Hades we had to fear!

I THINK IT'S DONE!

UH CLUCK CLUCK?

We were in a DREAM! The hypnotic mood

That called me "Dante" must be to blame!
This was Hades as I IMAGINED it —
for bad or good!

SOME CHICKEN! IT'S ALL SK N AND

GAWRSH! HOT 'TATERS, TOO!

HEY STOP! T'S A M STAKE!

...BONES!

So I planned, until...
YIKES! I got the bends
As I saw Goofy needed rescue QUICK!
Should he DIE in this dream,
HOW might it end?

To navigate this would be like a game!
Traverse this Hades, meet MORE of my friends,
And seek a way out, should they know its name!

WHATTA YOU WANT, SHRIMP?

LEAVE MY FRIEND ALONE, THAT'S WHAT!

I jumped up shouting, "Not so fast, ya hick!
You think ya can act TOUGH 'cause yer BIG
And I'm little? Don't be so THICK!"

THESE SHURE ARE GOOD SPLOS!

With a roar, the demon flipped his wig!

READY !

SET !

GO!

WHAT TH' DEVIL —

THE TABLES ARE TURNED!

He rubbed his hands together in a snit
An' raised his PITCHFORK,
th' no-good prig!

He mighta chopped us into bits —
But Donald's nephews saved me from a fight!
Lucky me, those kids had kept their wits!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

YEAH!

SPLASH!

The demon got his own taste of the plight
He'd handed Goofy! With a backward shove
He fell in his own pot! We won the fight!

YEOW!

YAY! WE'RE GOING BACK TO EARTH!

Then a soft voice echoed from above:
"Well done, my sons!
The GOOD DEED you have done
RETURNS you to the mortal world you love!"

TOO BAD! THET DEMON WAS A PRETTY GOOD COOK!

COME ON, GOOFY! LET'S GO TO THE NEXT CANTO!

"A GOOD DEED gets you OUT?"
I said. "That's one
Trick I never thought of! Maybe WE'RE
Gonna try that, soon! We'll have our fun!"

CANTO VII

ANOTHER POOCH! HADES IS GOING TO THE DOGS!

SOME-TH'N' TA EAT WILL CALM 'IM DOWN'

BEWARE OF THE DOG

Dante met the demon king PLUTO here!
Since this was MY dream, MY Pluto took
His place! And gee, his barks were weird:

HERE!

WE'LL SCOOT WHILE HE EATS THIS!

BEWARE OF THE DOG

WOOF!

"Pape Plutus! Pape Plutus, Aleppe! Woof!"
For seven centuries, it's been said,
No one but Dante understood that stuff!

WHAT WAS THAT YA GAVE H.M?

A PIECE O' ANGEL FOOD CAKE!

The fourth circle of Hades lay ahead!
In it, dense black smoke arose
From piles of GREENBACKS! Holy Ned!

GAWRSH! IT'S PERFECTLY REAL MONEY!

HEY! LOOK WHO'S HERE? ELI SQUINCH!

Real moolah, burning before my nose!
An' none of it was counterfeit or fake
On Earth we coulda SPENT it, I suppose!

Here, being punished for past mistakes
Was Eli Squinch, the no-good miser!
Magic flames gave him unending aches!

TAKE MY MONEY! PLEASE!

IT ONLY INFLAMED YOUR GREED, ELI! YOU CAN HAVE IT!

Now immortal, Squinch was sad and wiser!
A banker on earth, he'd loved to hear
His vault slam shut— the old downsizer!

But now, the cash Squinch once held dear
Was useless, and it consumed HIM
As HE'D consumed IT; his own worst fear!

WHERE YA GO N'?

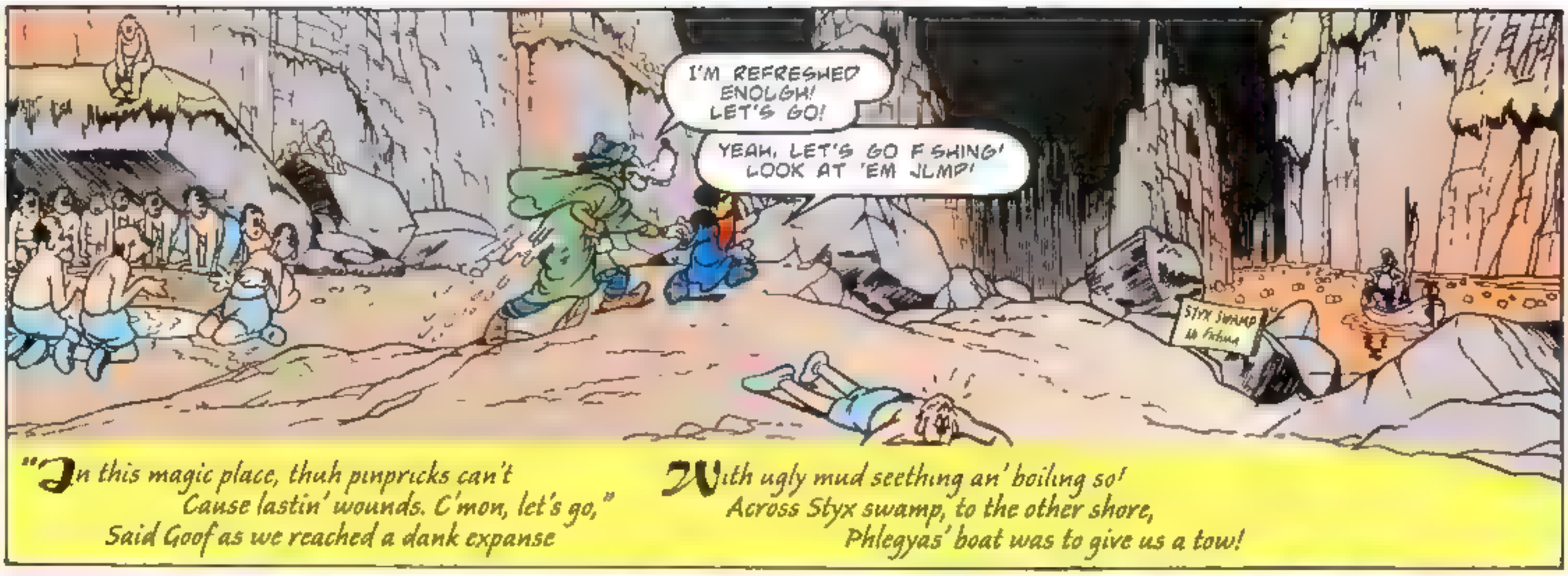
HALP! CALL TH' FIREMEN!

That's how Hades punishes greedy whims!
Spendthrifts got punished down here, too—
Their honor stained by the opposite sin!

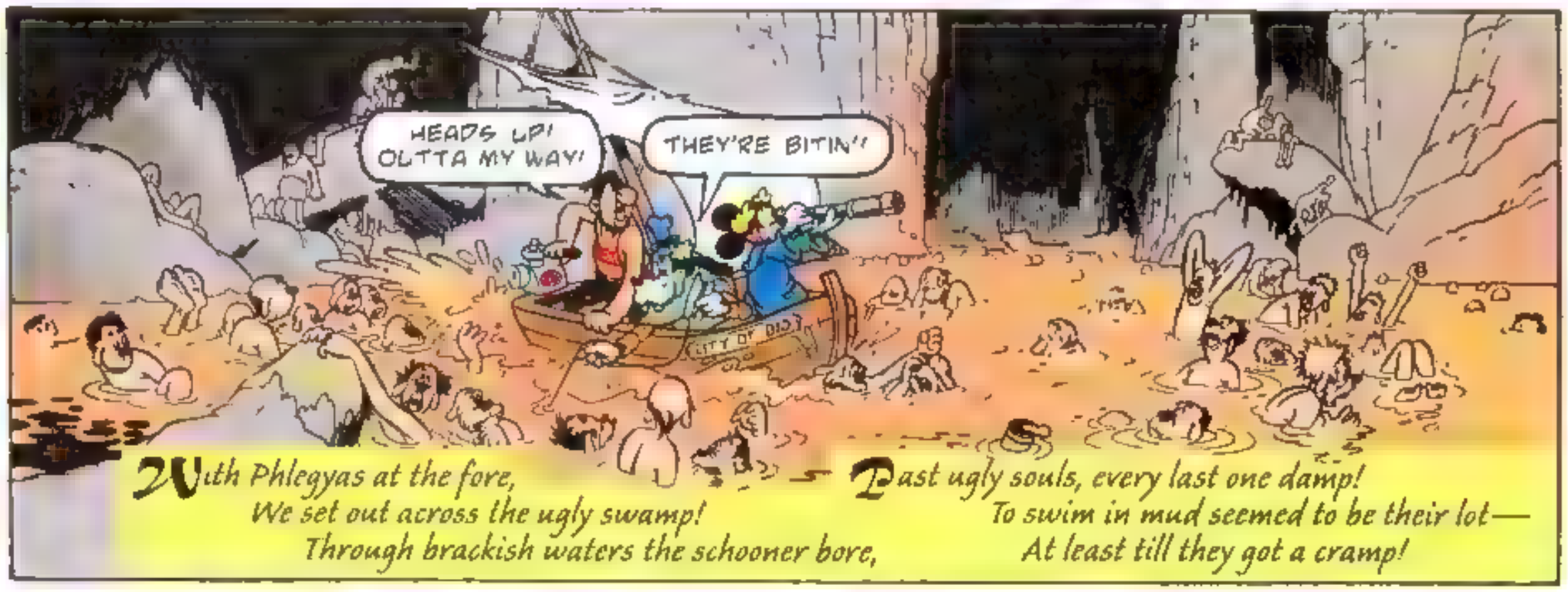
DO YOU HAVE A BURNING THROAT, TOO?

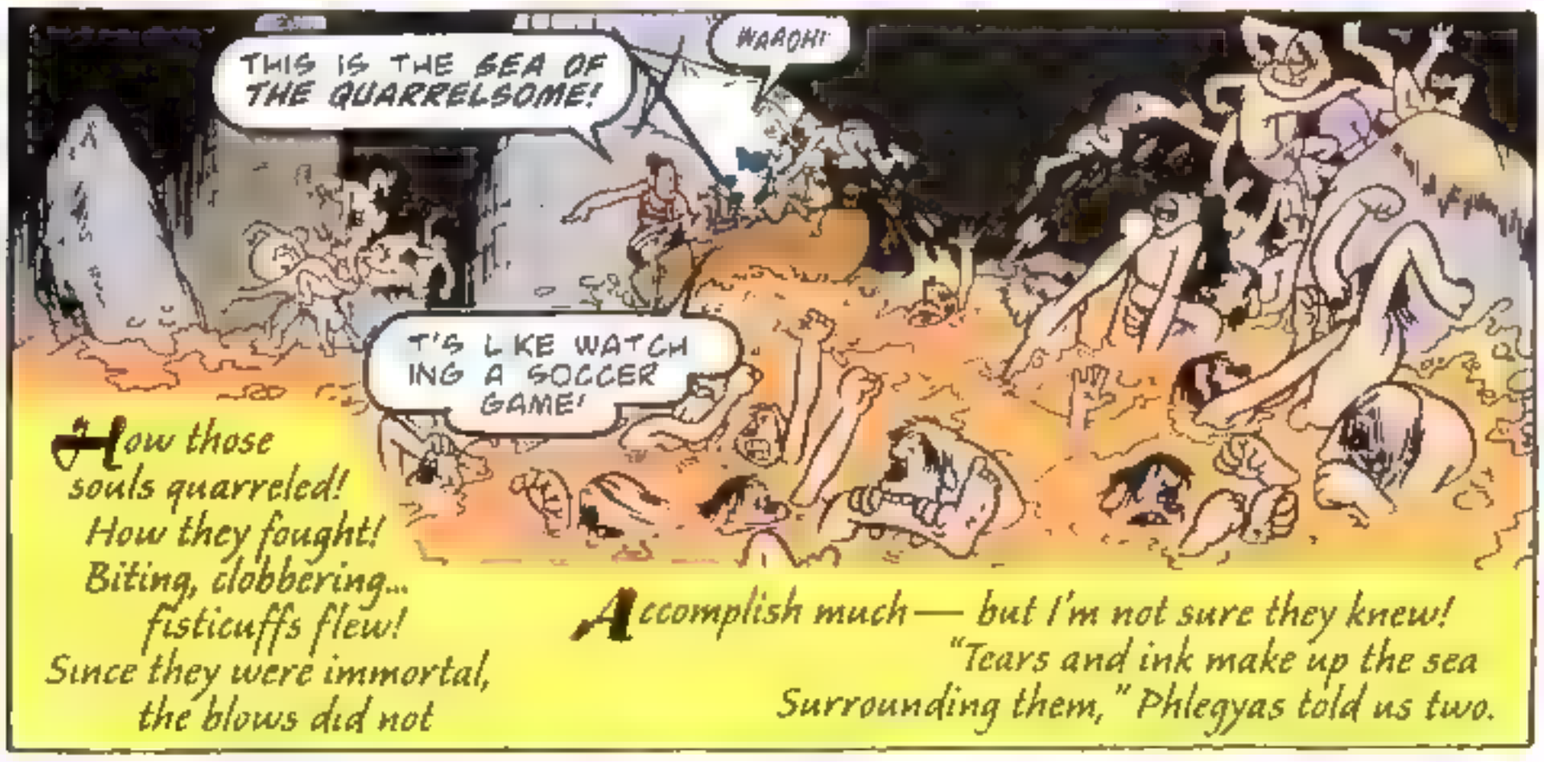
WELL, NOT EXACTLY MUH THROAT!

Lots of them knelt around a pool,
Parched with thirst! But dipping in a hand
Turned the water into needles cruel!

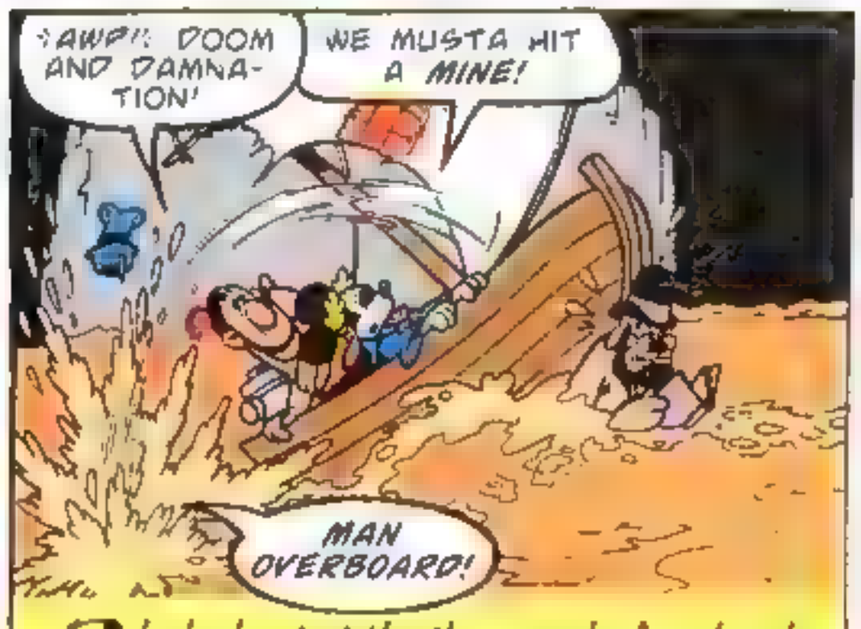

I'M REFRESHED ENOUGH! LET'S GO!
YEAH, LET'S GO F SHING! LOOK AT 'EM JUMP!
STYX SWAMP
"In this magic place, thuh pinpricks can't
Cause lastin' wounds. C'mon, let's go,"
Said Goof as we reached a dank expanse
With ugly mud seething an' boiling so!
Across Styx swamp, to the other shore,
Phlegyas' boat was to give us a tow!

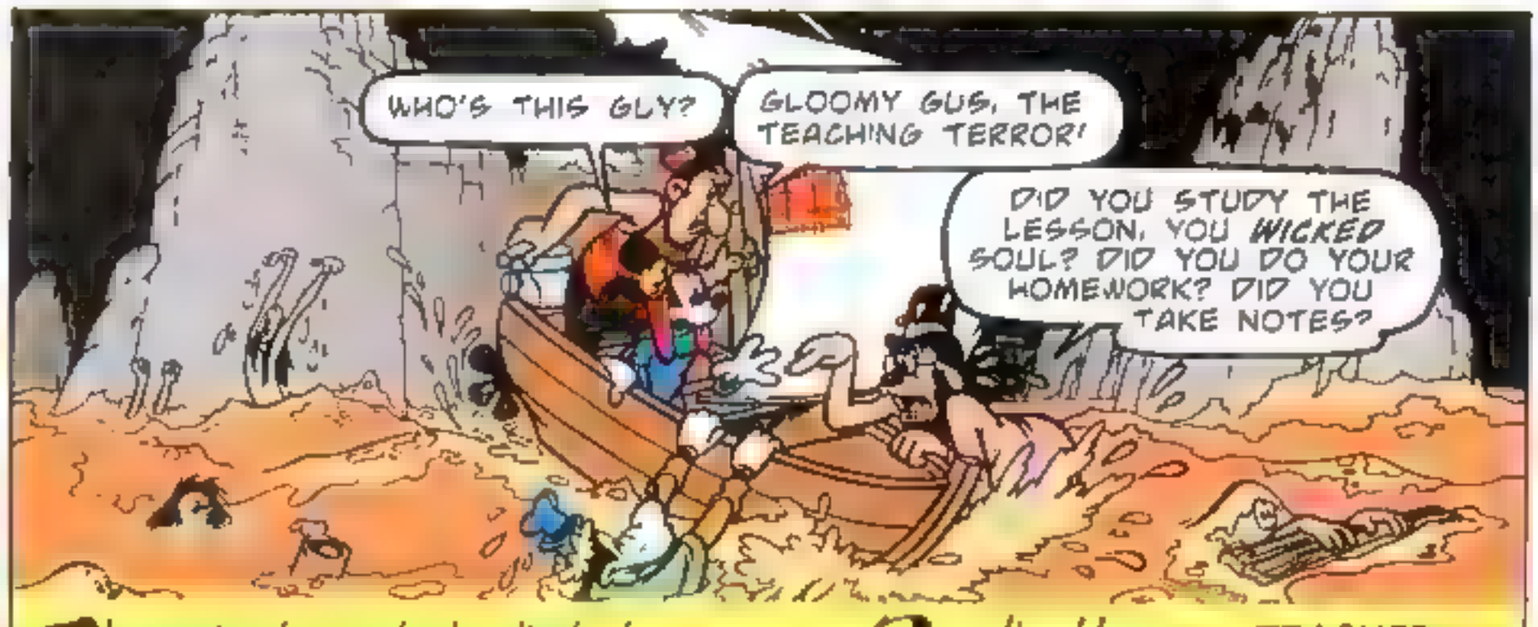
CANTO VIII


HEADS UP! OUTTA MY WAY!
THEY'RE BITIN''
With Phlegyas at the fore,
We set out across the ugly swamp!
Through brackish waters the schooner bore,
Past ugly souls, every last one damp!
To swim in mud seemed to be their lot—
At least till they got a cramp!


THIS IS THE SEA OF THE QUARRELSOME!
WAAOH!
T'S LKE WATCH ING A SOCCER GAME!
How those souls quarreled!
How they fought!
Biting, clobbering...
fisticuffs flew!
Since they were immortal,
the blows did not
Accomplish much— but I'm not sure they knew!
"Tears and ink make up the sea
Surrounding them," Phlegyas told us two.

THAT'S NOT A F SH! LET 'IM GO!
HE SN'T IN SEASON!
GRRR!
"In life, these poor souls couldn't see
Anything to LIKE! They were never glad,
And despised all who showed their glee!"


"AWP"! DOOM AND DAMNA- TION!
WE MUSTA HIT A MINE!
MAN OVERBOARD!
I looked out at the throng, aloof and sad,
Their heads soaked in mud and slime,
And decided to meet one! "C'mon up, dad!"


WHO'S THIS GUY?
GLOOMY GUS, THE TEACHING TERROR!
DID YOU STUDY THE LESSON, YOU WICKED SOUL? DID YOU DO YOUR HOMEWORK? DID YOU TAKE NOTES?
The particular soul who climbed
Aboard our ship was a creature
Whom our skiff had bopped from behind;
I realized he was a TEACHER
When I saw his sour face, shaking fists
And fury-fattened features!

FOOL! I'LL GIVE YOU AN F IN LATIN! YOU'RE SUSPENDED FOR THREE MONTHS! GO BACK TO YOUR SEAT!

AW, WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK?

:GULP!:

Not all teachers are as bad as this!
But once in awhile, you meet
One who's proud of his stubbornness!

POOR FELLA! I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO HIM NOW?

SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER!

SPLASH!

He's the kinda teacher who loves to beat
His students down with zero grades
And tests that make 'em feel the heat!

THERE'S MORE OF THOSE BAD GRADES!

The serpents that around us wade
Emerged from the poisoned ink
Used by these teachers and their aides!

LOOK WHO'S BACK!

LET'S GRADE HIM!

OUR OLD TEACHER!

And just then—
whaddaya think?
The muddy spirits surrounding us
Grabbed the "Terror" quick as a wink!

I WANT HIS HAT!

THE TABLES ARE TURNED!

WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!

"Time to get EVEN, Gloomy Gus!
We were your students, you heartless goon!
Your ROBOTIC lectures wearied us!"

HE DID SEEM A LITTLE...MECHANICAL!

LOOK WHAT HE HAD INSIDE!

They tried to smack him black and blue;
Until— Wow! He opened up his chest...
Seems he was a robot... heartless, too!

CANTO IX

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

DO YUH REALLY WANNA KNOW?

My guide said,
"Here, Mick, over ta thuh west,
A very useful friend o' ours awaits;
We're gonna visit DIS at his behest!"

A CITY CALLED DIS?

YUP! THUH CITY O' FIRE!

Guarding the city's dungeony gates
Were nasty demons! Just to see
Those villains gave me shivers great!

HOW CAN WE GET IN?

LEAVE THAT TO OUR USEFUL FRIEND!

But what I saw next encouraged me!
We'd be air pilots, flyin' high
Above th' city, just like eagles free!

GEE WHIZ! WON'T YER ENGINE START?

SORRY, BOYS! THE TRIP HERE DRAINED ME!

WE'RE DONE FOR!

Woe was us! Said Dumbo, "I
Would like to carry you with all my heart!
But I'm out of fuel! Oh me, oh my!"

SHOO!

HISSS!

HISSS!

IDEA!

Then down from above
swooped two upstarts:
Ghastly, rotten, hooting Furies,
With human heads
and serpents' hearts!

Awful hags they were, and as they hurried
Toward us, they spat a mix of flame,
Smoke, and smog! They had me worried...

...Till a great IDEA to me came!
I tied the Furies fast to Dumbo's sides;
Using them to help us was my aim!

Like jet engines, they gave us rides
By spitting their mighty breath out behind!
(See th' allegory that in here hides?)

CANTO X

As we flew, we looked below to find
Spirits in cradle-like tombs, aglow
With eternal flames! "Say, I wouldn't mind...

...the BURNS so much," I whispered low;
"If I were IMMORTAL, they wouldn't LAST!"
"Yer right, Mick," Goofy said, "but know—

THIS IS THUH PUN SHMENT FER FOLKS WITH *FIERY* TEMPERS!

...thuh HEAT still hurts,
an' THAT'S never past!
These ghosts were all HOTHEADS in life;
Now they're PUNISHED with heat!
I'D be downcast!"

LOOK! ANOTHER LOST SOUL!

GAWRSH! HE LOOKS *HAPPY!*

What we saw next
distracted us from strife!
Through Hades' flaming kingdom drove
A fella LAUGHING— sarcastic-like!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, MISTER?

:HOT CHA CHA!: READ THE VERSES AND FND OUT!

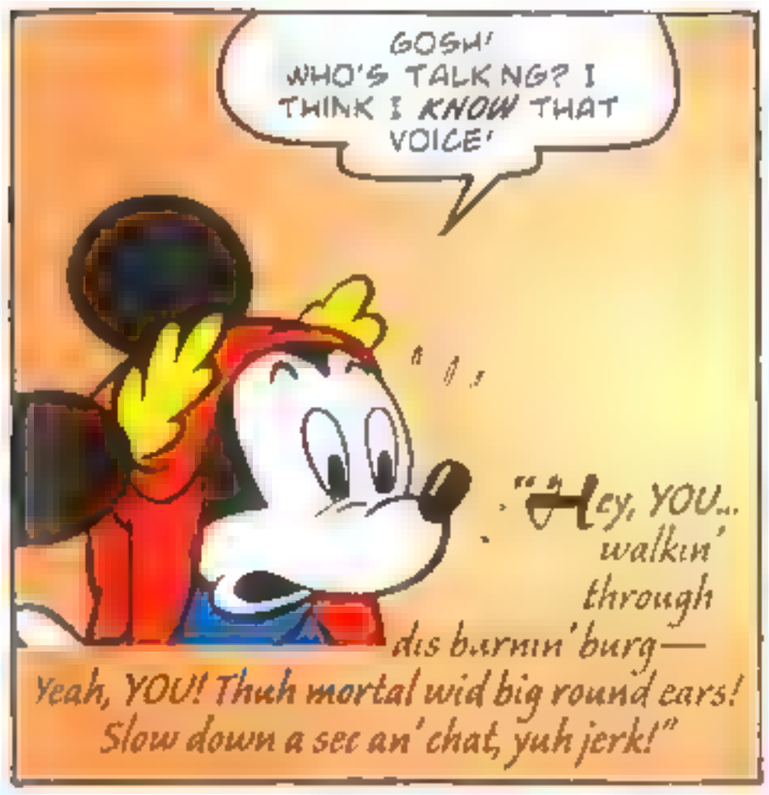
"Without fear," I said,
"through FLAMES you rove!"
"Is this really a FUN place to park it?"
"I'm a match," he said, "Manufactured by those...

...with a MONOPOLY on the match market!
They've got NO competition! Strike my head
And you'll find you can never spark it!"

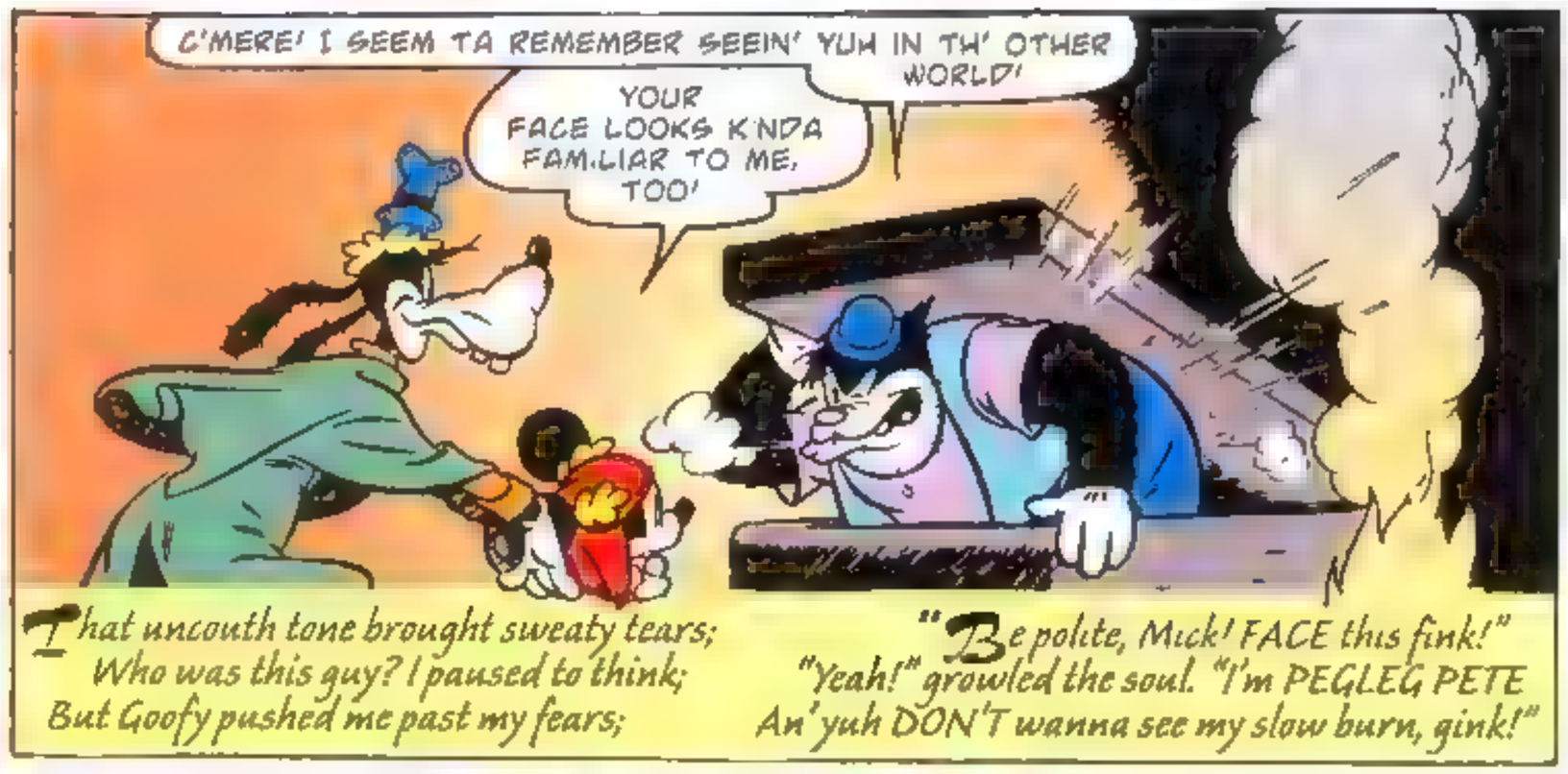
I WANNA TRY T'

FOR-GET IT! I WON'T LIGHT!

"I'm INCOMBUSTIBLE!
My masters' bread
Keeps coming whether or not I work!
I'm FIREPROOF... and well-read!"



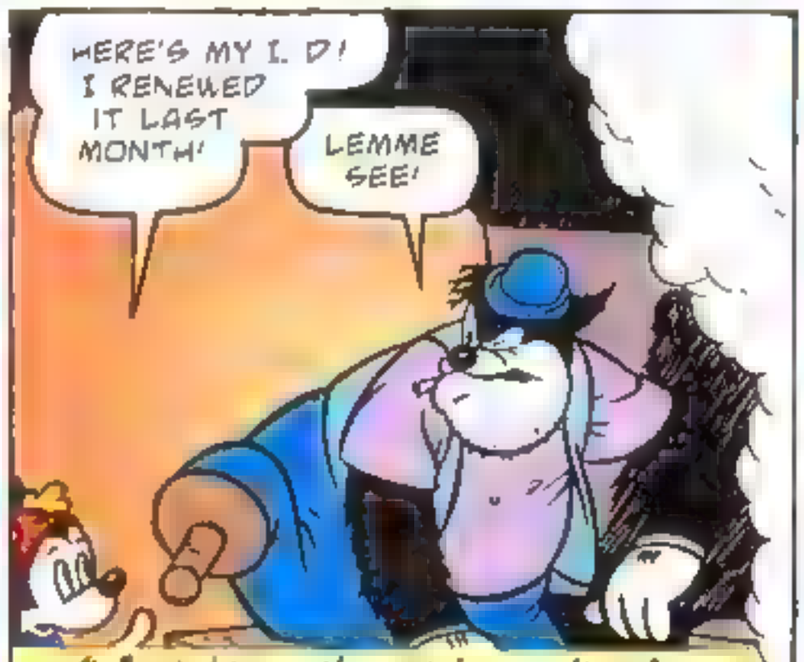
"Hey, YOU... walkin' through dis burnin' burg— Yeah, YOU! Thuh mortal wid big round ears! Slow down a see an' chat, yuh jerk!"



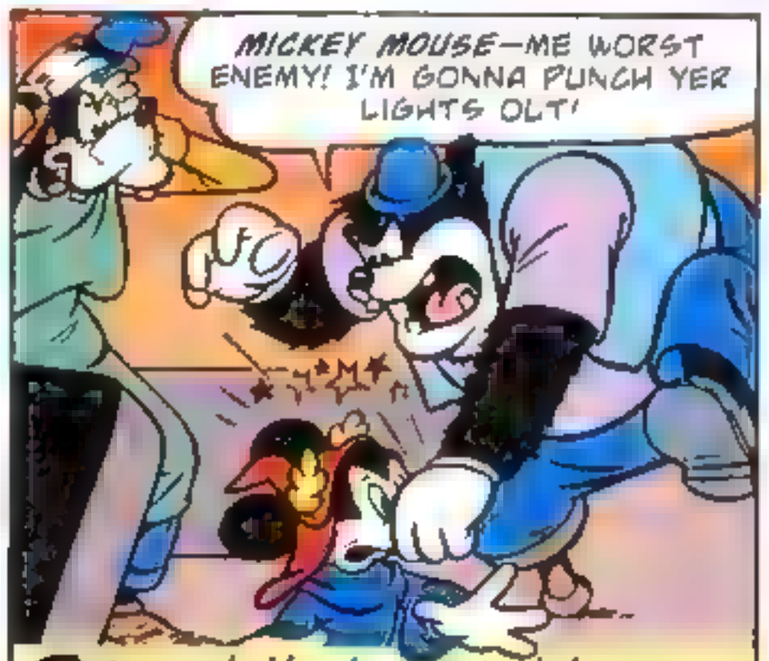
That uncouth tone brought sweaty tears; Who was this guy? I paused to think; But Goofy pushed me past my fears;

"Be polite, Mick! FACE this fink!" "Yeah!" growled the soul. "I'm PEGLEG PETE An' yuh DON'T wanna see my slow burn, gink!"

"Yer NOT a ghost— but a man o' meat! So who sent yuh down ta this creepy place? Hand over yer PASSPORT! Trick or treat!"



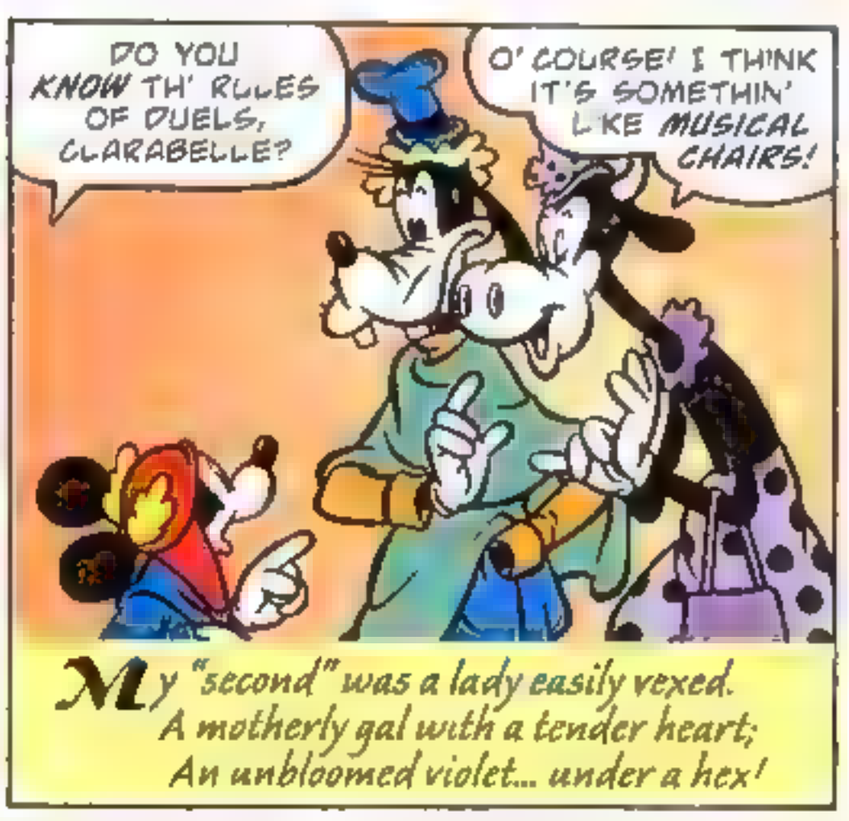
Hopin' to soothe Pete's scowling face, I said "I'm Mickey Mouse! I swear I'm not here under false pretenses, ace!"



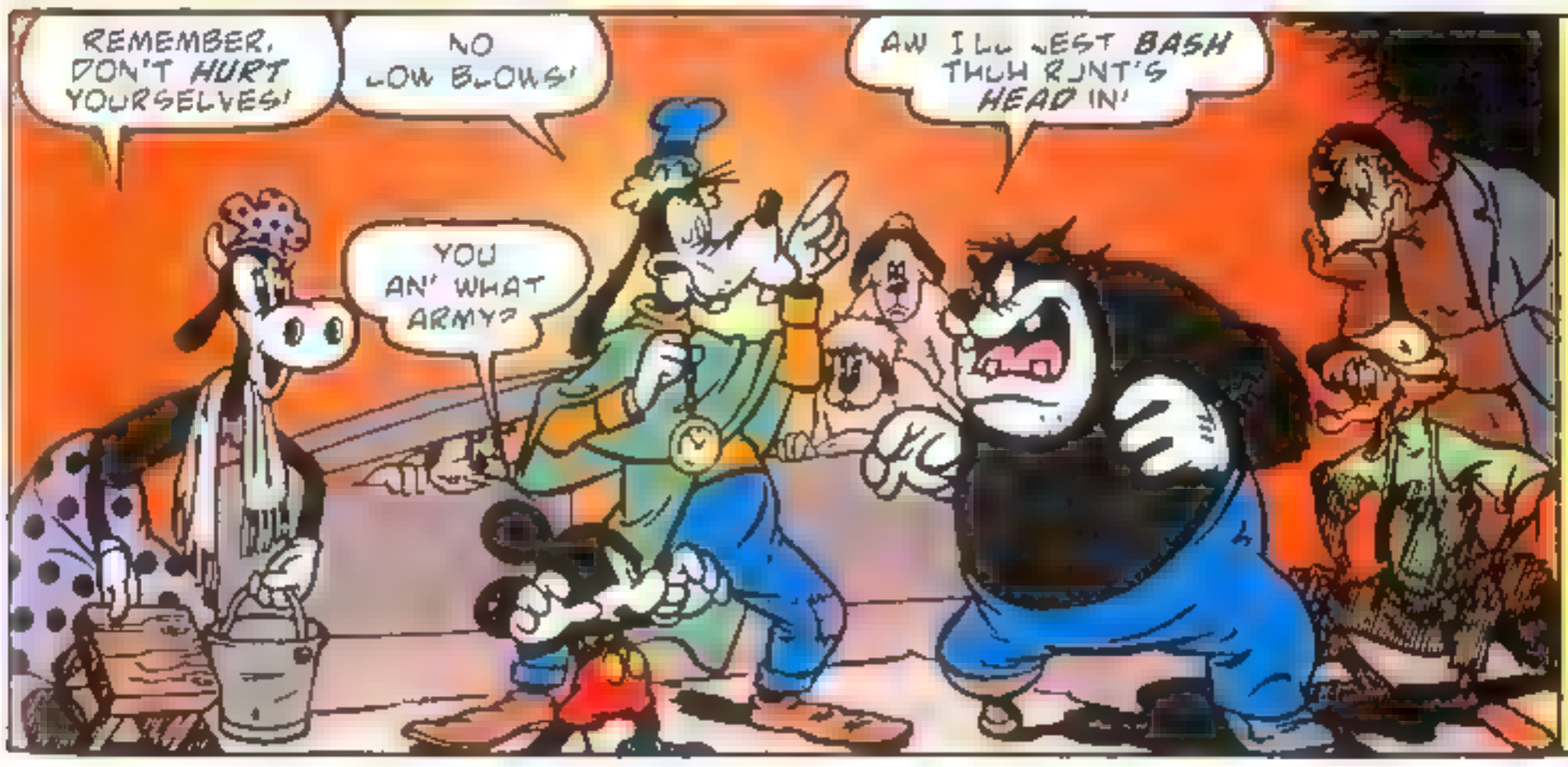
Pete snarled loud as a grizzly bear! Jumping out of a tomb he barely fit in, He yanked my nose and pulled my hair...

...while SAYIN' things better left UNWRITTEN! The Goof stepped in! "Let's have a DUEL— Like thuh days o' thuh Battle o' Britain!"

More folks we knew showed up! That fool Brer Bear was first, an' Brer Fox next! There to see we kept to the rules!



My "second" was a lady easily vexed. A motherly gal with a tender heart; An unbloomed violet... under a hex!



A bucket and a stool were brought; And a boxing ring marked off; We were ready to fight and fight a lot!

Referee Goof looked quite the toff; And Dopey was radio announcer bold— With his voice supplied by another dwarf!

GIGGLE! LIVE ON RADIO HADES, HERE'S THE EPIC BATTLE O' PEGLEG PETE AN' MICKEY MOUSE! AN' I'M .. ER—OH, GOSH!—BASHFUL, REPORTIN' FROM UNDER TH' RING! I CAN'T STAND FOLKS WATCHIN' ME, SO DOPEY'S TAK'N' MY PLACE AT THE MIKE! NOW LOOK OUT, FOLKSIES! THE GIGGLE! QUICK AND THE DEAD ARE ABOUT TO FIGHT!

GO!

ARR-RR!

The battle began
as this vignette told.
I threw myself at Pete and punched away,
Desperately going for gold!

Brave kicks and hits
were on display,

AARRRGGHHH!

I flailed like a whirlwind swift!
Frantic and frenzied, come what may!

HAH!

THUNDERATION!

HALP!

YEEEOW!

GAWRSH!

OH, MY!

No mighty blow was in short shrift;
Pete bellowed like a storm at sea!
"I'll getcha, rat— yer face I'll shift!"

But such a fate was not to be!
A downward blow to his pumpkin head
An' the victory went to me!

GIGGLE! AN' MICKEY WINS BY A KNOCKOUT! DON'T FERGIT, WINNERS OF BETS PAY—OH-H, GOSH!—120% O' TH' PROCEEDS N TAXES! THAT'S HADES FOR YOU!

WHERE ARE YUH, MICK? CALL AN AMBU-LANCE!

Goofy had nearly been put to bed
By leaping into the fray!
My pal saw stars, was his face red!

I GUESS BEATIN' PETE WASN'T OUR GOOD DEED!

NOPE! WE'RE STILL IN HADES!

So the two of us wandered away
To rest up after the boxing match
And our grand victory display!

SHORE LOOKS PEACE-FUL AROUND HERE!

I COULD REALLY USE A BREAK!

By a quiet tomb we chose to snatch
The most welcome rest we'd had
Since our trip began in this booby hatch!

WAAAK!

WAK WAK WAK WAK!

HEY! STOP HITTIN' ME!

The grave burst open! Howling mad,
A feathered fury came flying out;
Punished in Hades for his temper bad!

YOU'VE GOT CONNEC-TIONS! TAKE MY PLACE, AND LET ME HAVE YOURS!

CAN'T DO IT! WE GOTTA CONT NUE OLR FATEFUL JOURNEY!

"What gives you the RIGHT," we heard him pout,
"To pass ALIVE through this infernal clime
While I'M a ghost? >Hmph!< Sort that out!"

IT'S NOT FAIR! IF YOU'RE LEAVING, I WANT TO GO TOO!

"Don," I said,
"It's a sorta DREAM-TIME
That brought me here; I'm MORTAL because
I'm REAL—and the DREAM is MINE!"

HURRY! SHUT .T BEFORE HE ESCAPES!

GAWRSH! HE'S WORSE THAN AN ATOM BOMB!

"YOU'RE just
a dream-image: unreal and flawed!
Back you go, Duck!" WRONG thing to say;
He didn't LIKE our layin' down the law!

T'S LIKE SITTIN' ON A BAS-KET O' EELS DLR N' A STORM AT SEA!

GRRR!

BAM!

POW!

BANG!

We shut him in;
he thrashed and brayed,
Showing his penance worthy temper!
He roared like a moped; our ears he frayed!

RUN, GOOFY! LET'S JUMP INTO THE 11TH CANTO!

NOPE! WE'RE GOIN' STRA GHT TA THUH 12TH!

HAW! I'LL FOLLOW YOU THROUGH THE WHOLE INFERNO!

We hoped to escape someplace better!
But as we hustled to safety fast,
A grumbling ghost duck followed after!

In our haste to flee, we overpassed
The boundary, SKIPPING a canto before
We knew it! Reaching a stream at last,

We met the grim, proud Minotaur;
Though in my dream, the big bull-man
Was a "SITTING Bull": Hiawatha's pa!

CANTO XII

OLE! HOLA, AMIGOS!

OLA, MICKEY, MY FR EN'! HOW HAPPY I AM TO SEE *YOU* IN THE INFERNO!

We reached Canto Twelve,
and as we scanned
The air, three happy chappies were seen;
On a flying serape, the sky they spanned!

The first man was Panchito, keen
And eager, sombrero on his head
Firing his pistols around the scene!

HIYA, JOSÉ!

HEY, AM THAT SOMEWHERE ELSE!

BANG! BANG!

He greeted me with arms outspread,
And a sincere "Caramba!" in Spanish!
"Arriba, caballero, back atcha," I said!

José gave me a handshake clannish:
"To see you, Senhor, is the best!"
(In Brazil, senhor means "Mister," I managed.)

OH, LOOK! CARAMBA! DONALDO WANTS TO TAKE A HOT BATH!

DONALDO, COME BACK HERE!

HALP! SAVE ME!

WAIT, DONALD! I'LL PULL YA UP!

HURRY! I'M GETTING PARBOILED—

We reached out over the hot spring horrid,
A river that blazed with the color of blood,
And pulled Don up from destiny torrid!

GOTCHA, MOUSE! LISTEN UP! WE'RE TRADING PLACES, GET IT?

No sooner had he escaped the flood
Than he said: "Mouse, you can't duck ME!
I found my way back to you, bud!"

Oops! Just then, our third flying guest
Clumsily put the wrong foot forward!
He began to slip down toward a deep abyss!

I'LL BECOME A MORTAL AND ESCAPE THIS— OWCH!

"Now I get my vengeance, see?
You say I'm a FIGMENT
of your IMAGINATION!
I don't care what kinda dream this be—

I think I'm REAL! My expectation
Is that we'll SWAP PLACES; YOU stay here
While D. Duck returns to
our mortal nation!"

Said I,
"It's not that easy, I fear!"
"I must do a good deed before I can leave!
YOU don't know GOOD from a kick in the rear!"

ADIOS, CABALLEROS!

THAT'S ENOUGH, DONALDO!

JUST WAIT! I'LL FOLLOW YOU LIKE A SHADOW!

:HEH!: DON'T BE A STRANGER!

The serape flew! As off it weaved,
I pondered Don's fate. Dream-image he was;
Yet his final fate felt like a TEST for me!

"Can we save him, Goofy?" I asked at once.
"Perhaps," said Goof, "but fergit that now!
"Thuh FOREST ahead's a-CALLIN' us!"

KEEP OFF THE GRASS
(It Bites!)

Along the lonely plain we plowed
Until we came across a wood
That reminded us of parks we found

Back home in Mouseton! Bits of food
And gum wrappers lay amid the grass;
Barkless trees lent a scary mood.

TO THE TRAIN

PARK HERE

CANTO XIV

GAWRSH! WHAT IF YUH *DON'T* EAT ANY?

YA DIE OF *HUNGER!*

DANGER— POISON FRUIT! EAT AND DIE!

Into a gloomy grove we passed
That Dante's works had told about;
Black leaves grew on oak trees vast,
And by the trail, round about
Lay guiding signs for first-time guests;
One by one, we read them out.

PUFF! PUFF!

TOO-OOOT!

Then from afar, a tooting sound
And then the train came 'round the bend.
It moved like sixty— WITHOUT slowin' down!

YUH *REALLY* WANNA RIDE ON *HADES'* OWN TRAIN?

WHY NOT? WE'VE CERTAINLY RIDDEN ON WORSE TRAINS!

TO THE TRAIN (RIDE AT YOUR OWN RISK!)

Just a little further west
A signboard announced that up ahead
Lay Hades' railroad. Were we blessed?

Heck, no! Because the path that led
Us to the tracks was STEEP, we found!
Through a flurry of gravel we slipped and slid.

PUFF!

PUFF!

To catch it,
we ran like we do when
It's rush hour back in the mortal world!
Good thing we weren't outta practice, then!

CHUG! CHUG!

TWEEEEEE!

The train
rumbled madly as on it hurled,
Skimming the rails as it pleased;
Much like a ship that the wind has whirled!

HEH!

DO YA THINK WE'VE ARRIVED?

HEH!

HEH!

HEH!

AN' JUST WHEN WE FOUND A GOOD PLACE TA SIT!

SHHH!

Traveling onward at our ease
Over a tortured, twisting track,
We plunged on 'twixt the gloomy trees.
Our adventure ended with a crack!
We lay at the foot of a cast-iron trunk;
Into it hard our ride had smacked!

YAK! YAK! YOU FINALLY GOT HERE! NOW YOU'RE IN FOR IT!

GAWRSH! SOUNDS LIKE MUH OL' TEACHER JUST BEFORE A TEST!

C'mon, poet muses! Gimme the SPUNK
I need to repeat the UGLY THREATS
That came from the sky, in voices punk!

HARPIES! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

I said: "Here the HARPIES make their nest—

An' they'll never let us hit th' bricks!"
The Goof replied, "We're not stopped yet!...

WAAOH!

YEOW!

"I'm shure they'll git friendlier quick!
Fer I'm thuh greatest poet around!
Them witch-birds gotta RESPECT me, Mick!"

HUMPH! DON'TCHA KNOW WHO I AM?

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

Goofy stood scornfully, tall an' proud,
Like a lion striking a lordly pose!
A harpy circled, squawking loud.

WATCH THIS!

WAK! WAK! WAK!

And then, before my very nose,
The witch-bird turned from one to TWO!
Underworld magic, I suppose!

YOU'VE HAD

T,

MOUSE!

GOOD GRIEF, DONALD!

Next two transformed
to THREE; who knew?
Their mouths turned into bird's bills, then
Three demon Ducks before me flew!

I TOLD YOU I'D FOLLOW YOU THROUGH THE WHOLE INFERNO!

GIT LOST!

WAK!

WAK!

WAK!

Like black sheep pouring from a pen,
Three thousand Dons upon us swooped;
Pecking us time and again!

"Don't give out on me, fists! I can't get pooped!"
Goofy yelled amid the gaggle.
"Ducks, yer gonna git nobly WHOOPED!"

WON'T YA JUST GO AWAY AND LEAVE US ALONE?

NO! NO!

A THOUSAND TIMES NOOO!

BONK

The flock around him fell to battle;
Showing the temper that brought Don here,
They pecked Goofy till he rattled!

Master Goof, unable to clear
The air, soon lost his firm resolve.
He fainted, wrecked by wear and tear!

NO!

SWISH!

IF YA DON'T LEAVE, I'LL BEAN YOU WITH THIS BRANCH!

TRY IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

At last the cursed flock dissolved;
To scare them, from a nearby tree
I broke a branch— but it evolved!

WHY'RE YOU DOING THIS TO YOUR OLD PAL BERTIE?

GULP!

The tree limb spoke! "You're hurting me!
You think your scarin' plan's a pippin—
But I don't like it! Hully gee!..."

CLARABELLE'S LITTLE COUSIN' WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

WAIT TILL MY TONGUE GROWS AND I'LL TELL YOU!

"Bruise me, an' you'll get a whippin'!"
Humbled, I said, "I never meant
"To hurt anyone with my grippin'!"

NOW ANSWER THE QUESTIONS I ASK YA N THE VERSE BELOW!

WILL DO IN THE VERSES AFTER THAT!

"Tell me, Bertie; what ill intent
Coulda turned you into a STICK
And left you a woodland malcontent?"

THESE TREES HOLD THE SOULS OF MISCHIEF-MAKERS! KEEN, HUH?

YOU'RE STUCK LIKE THIS FOR-EVER?

HANDS OFF, FOOL!

"As a mortal,"
said Bertie, "I loved playin' tricks,
And this is how jokers pay penance here·
Turned into parts of trees, Unca Mick!"

"But the NEXT step is what we really fear,
Cut down by lumberjacks, sanded and sawed!
It doesn't do much for good cheer!"

NAH! WE GET OUT! BUT SEE IN WHAT A CRUEL WAY!

"We're split apart into multiple boards,
Then nailed back together as one!
It's almost enough to make me sore!"

"At last, when all is sawed and done,
Our punishment is complete—
We're school desks! >Bleeah!< How un-fun!"

TEACHER! FREDDY'S MAKING FACES AT ME!

No! DOWN WITH SKOOL! 3+3=3

I'LL TRADE YA MY BIRD FER YER BOAT!

KICK ME

"We once loved mischief and deceit;
Now here's the flip side of the buck
As desks, we've gotta stand quiet an' neat..."

"While a
classroom of donkeys runs amuck!
They act as crazy as I wanna be—
But can't anymore! Talk about bum luck!"

HAW!

SCORE!

C'MON, BOYS!

"As if that's not tough enough on me,
The donkeys' kicks make us suffer more!
Extra punishment, you see?"

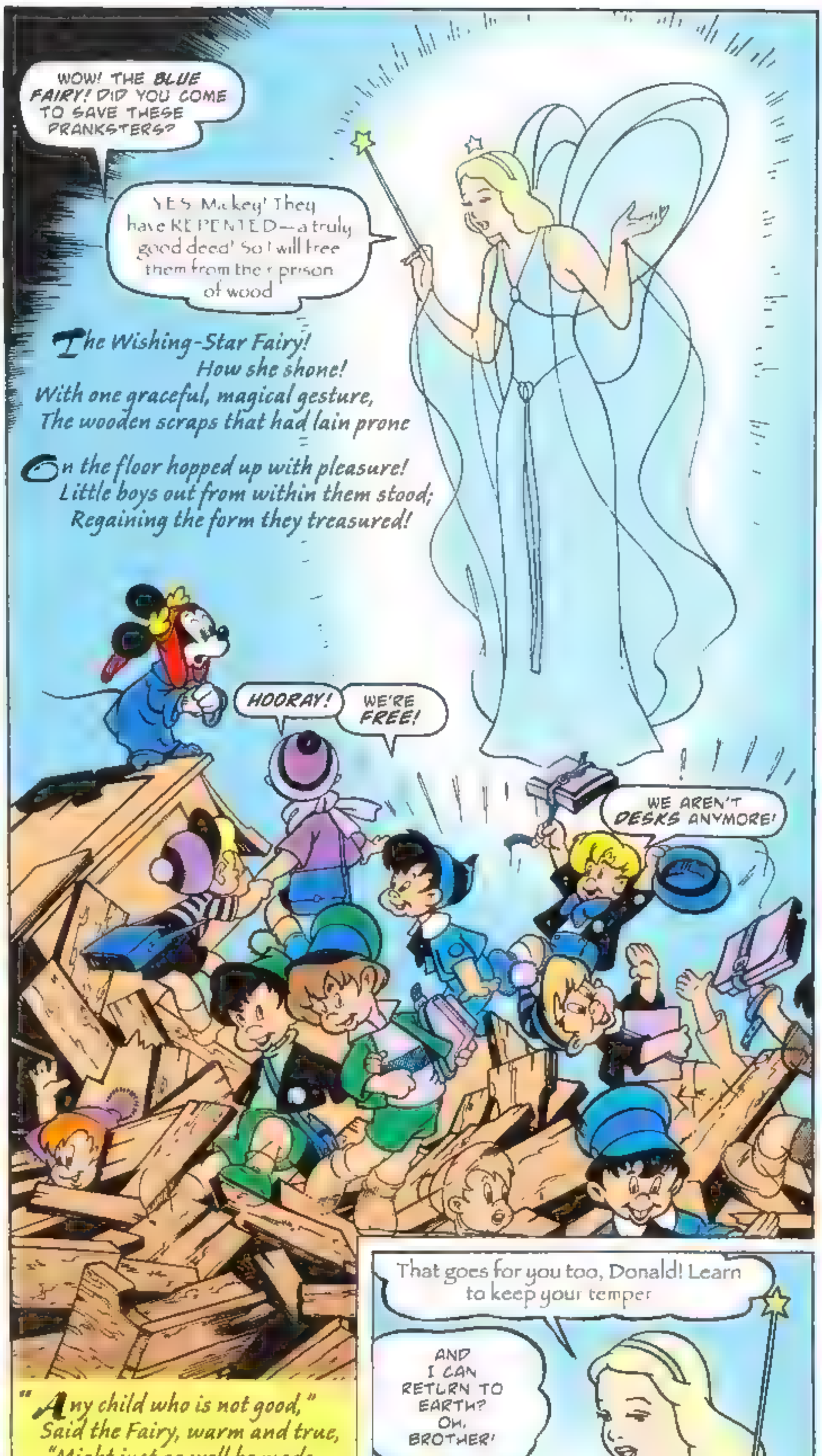
"We're reduced to splinters on the floor;
Then replanted outside to start again!
Back to being branches! Whatta bore!"

THIS IS GONNA BE A FINE CRAB-APPLE TREE!

"The pattern forever repeats; and when
The demons can help it along, they do!
Life here is worse than life in the pen!"

As Bertie finished his tale so blue,
There came a miraculous sight
Amid that raucous and rioting crew!

From the sky, a star so bright
Descended, speaking in gentle tones
And stunning us with angelic light!


WOW! THE BLUE FAIRY! DID YOU COME TO SAVE THESE PRANKSTERS?
YES Mickey! They have REPENTED—a truly good deed! So I will free them from their prison of wood
HOORAY!
WE'RE FREE!
WE AREN'T DESKS ANYMORE!

The Wishing-Star Fairy!
How she shone!
With one graceful, magical gesture,
The wooden scraps that had lain prone

On the floor hopped up with pleasure!
Little boys out from within them stood;
Regaining the form they treasured!

"Any child who is not good,"
Said the Fairy, warm and true,
"Might just as well be made
of wood!"

"Now leave this realm
behind you
As long as you swear
to study hard
And of foolish wrongdoing
mind you!"

"Be even-tempered, son; discard
Your side that would disdain poor Mick,"
The fairy charmed our rogue canard.

WATCH, GIDDY, WHILE I LEAD THESE JUVENILE MICROBES ASTRAY!

YEAH YEAH YEAH! -HICCUP!-

Honest John, the fox so slick,
Watched the kids' redemption
And sought to play a no-good trick!

SCHOOL IS A *BORING* PLACE WHERE THEY MAKE YOU *WORK* ALL THE TIME! GO AHEAD — MAKE A PROMISE TO STUDY! BUT YOU NEEDN'T *KEEP* IT!

NEEDN'T WE?

MAYBE SO

MAYBE NOT.

WELL

The fox showed his intentions
As he said, "Oh—studying's QUITE all right...
If you're DIM, or if you like TENSION!"

"The surest sign that one is BRIGHT
Is that one enjoys his PLAY!
So slack off and be idle, mites!"

WAIT! BEFORE YA DECIDE ANYTHING, LISTEN TO *HIM!* Y'KNOW WHO HE IS?

YEAH!

IT'S JIMINY CRICKET!

I spoke up! "Kids, you'll rue th' day
You let that fox LURE ya with the bait
Of PHONY fun! I say— ix-nay!"

I'M THE VOICE OF YOUR *CONSCIENCE*, MEN! THE *STRAIGHT AND NARROW* PATH WILL LEAD YOU TO THE *MOST FUN OF ALL!*

"Only one thing
can save ya from the fate
Of penance in Hades once again:
This cricket's warnings, wise an' great!"

HOORAY!

WE'RE GOING BACK TO SCHOOL!

WE PROMISE TO BE GOOD!

SO DO I! HEY, WHY CAN'T I CLIMB *HIGHER?*

YUH GOTTA *LIVE UP* TA YER PROMISE FIRST!

CURSES! FOILED AGAIN!

GO! BEGONE! AWAY WITH YOU!

HICCUP!

The fox slunk off! For he knew when
Defeat was nigh! As for the lads,
Their virtue carried them home again!

"We gotta depart this scene so glad,"
Said Goofy, "an' continue our trip
Ta circles o' Hades a bit more SAD!"

GAWRSH! YUH NEED A RAINCOAT HERE!

SOMEBODY CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

CANTO XV

Outta the gloomy woods we slipped
And reached a plain where scorching snow
Down from the heavens zipped.

SAY, GOT ANY FIREPROOF UMBRELLAS?

AT YOUR SERVICE!

WE COULD ALSO USE A CAMEL!

CARAVAN SUPPLIES
CAMELS • UMBRELLAS

It seemed impossible onward to go,
Until a kind sales fellow
On us some caravan gear bestowed!

I'M BURNING WITH ENTHUSIASM TO MAKE THIS TRIP!

HONK!

We made our way toward a sand dune yellow,
Our feet by the heat unblistered.
The camel? Somehow he kept mellow!

MICKEY MOUSE! IS IT REALLY YOU?

SURE! AN' YOU'RE...CAN IT BE YOU? MY FIRST GRADE TEACHER!

Just then a fella with whiskers
Ran toward us from a crowd of souls.
"I know that guy, Goof!" I whispered.

OH, LET ME KISS YOU! SMACK! SMOOOCH!

BUT TELL ME, HOW'D YOU END UP IN TH' INFERNO? YOU WERE ALWAYS SO GOOD!

He hugged me tight as a peg in a hole;
As warm as a Texas summer.
As I wriggled free from his tight hold

He cried out, "What a WONDER!"
I matched his eyes and voice to his face!
"My old teacher! HERE... down under?"

I TOLD MY PUPILS TO BE GOOD, BOY! BUT I BEHAVED BADLY! NOW I GOTTA KEEP RUNNING FOREVER, OR THE FLAMES WILL GET ME!

GULP!

HE WHO CEASES RUNNING HERE WILL STAND STILL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS!

He replied, "So you wonder why I shin
Across this desert, dodging flames!
Well, in life I told OTHERS to do good—

CRIMINY! WE'VE REACHED THE END OF THE CANTO

CANTO XVI

"...while I, myself, led a life of SHAME!
I was lazy, wasteful and proud of it!
Down HERE I'm taking the BLAME!"

GOODBYE, MICKEY, AND REMEMBER— DO AS I SAID, NOT AS I DID!

GOODBYE, TEACHER!

"Now I must go! Should I linger a bit,
I'll be doomed to stand under fiery snow
For a thousand years... or longer yet!"

I STILL DON'T GIT WHAT THESE FLAMES ARE FOR!

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? THEY LOOK LIKE SNOW, BUT THEY'RE REALLY FIRE JUST LIKE SOME GUYS LOOK GOOD, BUT ARE REALLY NO-GOODS!

We reached the edge of the desert, so
My teacher resumed his endless dash
For safety from snowflake woe!

CANTO XVI

WHY DIDN'T WE STOP IN CANTO XV?

IT'S JUST THE SAME KINDA WRONGDOERS WE MET IN CANTO XV! WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THEM!

CANTO XVII

Our camel walked on unabashed,
With an undulating, steady plod.
We crossed a small bridge in a flash

That took us on a journey odd:
Over the sixteenth Canto complete
And into the next ballade!

IT'S DAWN, AN' THUH SKY'S CLEARIN'!

THANK GOODNESS! BUT HOW CAN WE GET OVER THAT WALL OF ROCK?

Here we found the sky replete
With a serene sapphire sunrise grand.
I admired the sight so sweet

THIS IS HOW!

OHO!

TO MALEBOLGE
Daily Flights By
R.
DRAGON,
ESQ.

Hoping to move on, we scanned the land
In search of a passage or ferry,
But found an amazing sight at hand!

From above came
a melody merry;
We heard the soft sound
of a flute!
Then, with awe
extraordinary,

Goofy stared at the source of the toot:
The flying Reluctant Dragon,
Fat as a blimp, but quite astute!

THERE'S THE DRAGON!

GAWRSH! LET'S G-GET OUTTA HERE!

"Goofy," I said, "Yer courage is saggin'!
This big lug doesn't deserve your fear;
He's gentle an' friendly! His tail's waggin'!"

NICE DRAGON! GOOD BOY!

I'M AFRAID O' TICKLIN' HIM!

So since the brute did not appear
To object, we climbed aboard,
While for home our camel disappeared!

GULP!! WE SEEM TA BE GOIN' FROM BAD TA WORSE!

THAT'S THE IDEA, BOY...HO-HO-HO! TO THE VERY WORST PART OF THE INFERNO!

HOW CH CH CHEERFUL!

Thus our journey onward soared
Until to grim Malebolge we came—
And onto a landing strip roared!

MALEBOLGE

A SNACK BAR? MEBBE WE CAN GET SOMETHING TO EAT!

THIS IS THUH INFERNO IT 'LD PROBABLY EAT US!

MALEBOLGE SNACK BAR

'Twas morning, so the dragon claimed;
And soon we stood before a sign
That of fresh food proclaimed.

I'D LIKE SOME HOT CHOCOLATE!

COMING RIGHT UP!

HOT CHOCOLATE — GRATIS —

A demon told a diner, "Fine
Drinks we have; None e'er forgets
How good they are! Now you'll get thine!"

HERE YOU GO! DOWN THE HATCH!

"In life, with praises soft and wet
And many a promise fake,
You swindled folk and made them fret!"

IS THIS REALLY CHOCOLATE?

DON'T BELIEVE IT, GOOFY!

The swindler fell
into a lake
Of brothy goo just a little too hot,
Where the souls of hucksters ached!

Goofy, from atop
the rock
With outstretched finger tried to see
If the "cocoa" was real or not!

HEYO, BRER GOOF! CAN I OFFER Y'ALL SOME HOT CHOC'LATE?

BUT IS IT REALLY CHOCO—

Immersed nearby and full of glee
Was a clever hare known for his pranks:
Brer Rabbit, and no fool he!

SURE IT'S CHOC'LATE! C'MON! DON'T IT SMELL DEE-LISHUS?

STOP! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!

HALP!

He took Goofy's hand, and with a yank
But without a lick of pity,
He tried to pull him into the lake!

DON'TCHA KNOW THE STOMACH KILLS MORE THAN THE SWORD?

:GULP!: AN' I THOUGHT

Saved the Goof from calamity!
While in the meantime, Rabbit turned
To greet Brer Bear with amity!

WHA'S SO GOOD IN THAR? HONEY, MEBBE?

NO, BRER B'AR! IT'S CHOC'LATE! SWEETER 'N HONEY!

As I watched with great concern,
The hungry bruin stuck his schnoz
Toward where an enticing odor burned.

COME HAVE A TASTE, MAN!

YEEOWP!

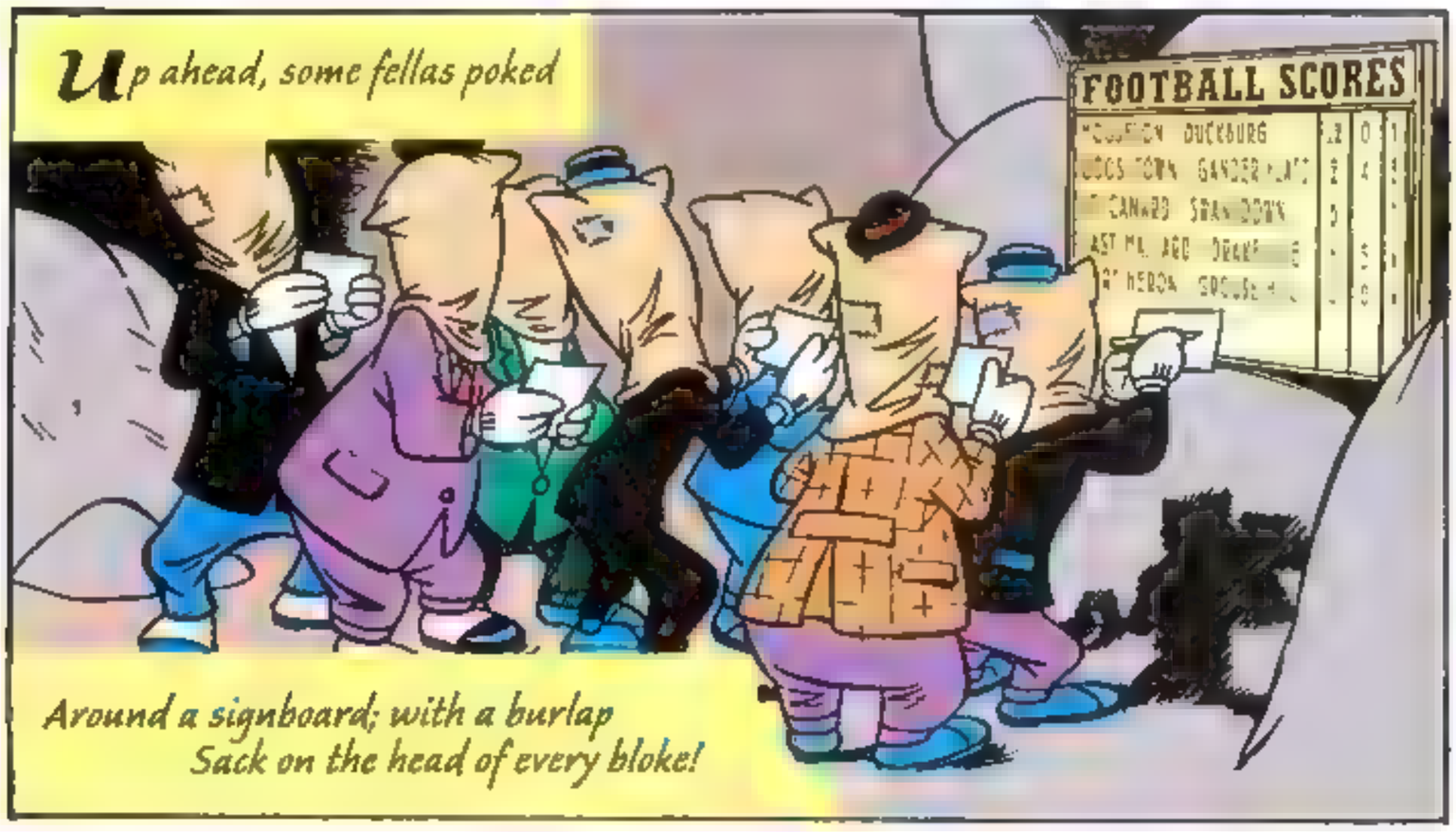
"If y'all LIKE it
so much, g'wan... fill yer jaws!"
The rabbit pulled the hapless brute
Straight into the goo without cause!

HALP! DIS STUFF ONLY SEEM LIKE CHOC'LATE—IT'S TAR!

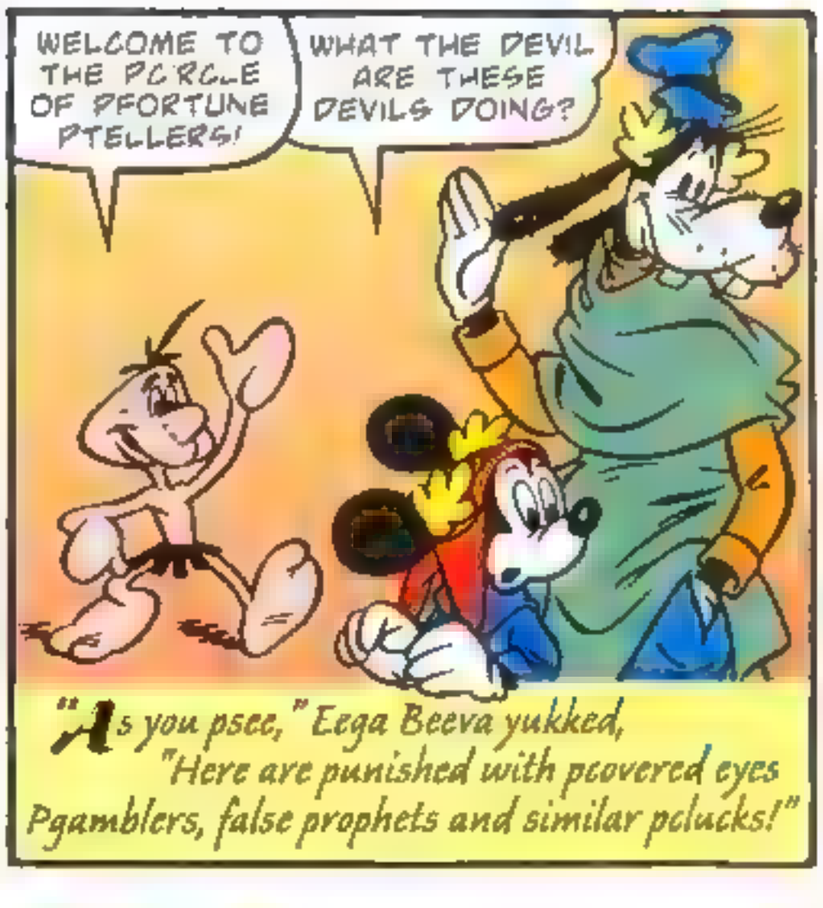
HOT DAWG! I'M FREE! I GOT A SUB-STITOOT!

Over the groans of the big galoot,
Brer Rabbit cackled at his joke
And off to the edge did scoot!

Up ahead, some fellas poked

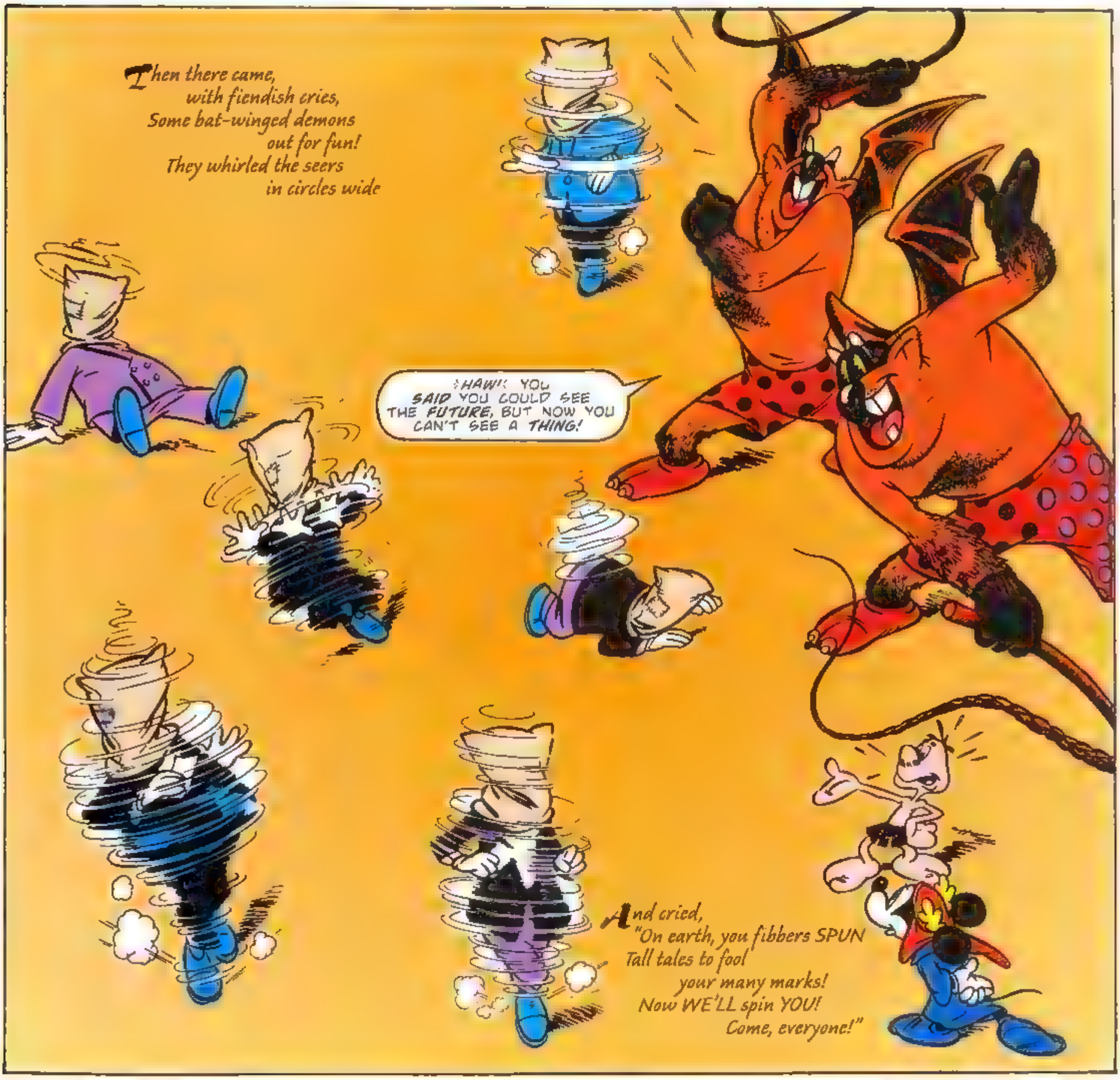


Around a signboard; with a burlap
Sack on the head of every bloke!



"As you psee," Eega Beeva yukked,
"Here are punished with peovered eyes
Pgamblers, false prophets and similar pclucks!"

Then there came,
with fiendish cries,
Some bat-winged demons
out for fun!
They whirled the seers
in circles wide



And cried,
"On earth, you fibbers SPUN
Tall tales to fool
your many marks!
Now WE'LL spin YOU!
Come, everyone!"

AND PTHERE ARE THE PWHISPERERS!

THIS'LL TEACH YA NOT TO WHISPER IN SCHOOL!

WHAT? CAT GOT YER TONGUE?

YOU L KED TO WHISPER WHEN YOU WERE SEATED IN CLASS!

Nearby demons on a lark
Were spanking humble souls, whose sin
Transpired when they, as schoolkids parked

At desks, engaged in WHISPERING!
Gossiping and— worse— passing notes
On tests earned these guys their blistering!

COME ON IN, FELLOWS! THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL!

A HOSPITAL IN HADES? I BET THEY TREAT BURNS HERE!

In this sad place some souls spend years!
Those who ditched school, and— worse—
DODGED it by FEIGNING SICKNESS, I hear!

HAW! HAW!

:GURGLE!:

Without a word, a demonic nurse
Fed each phoney "sick boy" castor
Oil till they were fit to burst!

WAIT! YOU GOTTA TAKE YOUR MULTI-MEGA-VITAMIN-ERALS!

HALP!

A third showed the intention
Of restoring a "sick" soul's spryness
By means of a fierce injection!

Since they were immortal, I hafta note
The swats didn't lastingly harm 'em;
They survived to go on acting the goat!

SO YOU LIKED GETT NG EARFULS OF ANSWERS, EH? ENJOY THIS EARFUL!

Next up, noise and alarum
Was pumped with a bellows into their ears
Where whispering used to charm 'em!

YOU SKIPPED MATH CLASS, SO I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO EXTRACT ROOTS!

A second demon, moving faster,
Sat a scamp down in detention
And pulled his teeth like a master!

HERE WE CURE BRATS OF THE ILL-NESSES THEY PRETENDED TO HAVE WHEN THEY DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL!

BRRR!

PUT THET THING AWAY!

Yet another demon, Dr. Virus,
Famed for his decisions rash,
Boasted he'd cure Goofy's typhus!

The Goof wasn't sick, so in a flash
He leaped away, and off he hared
Like a runaway horse in a mad dash!

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF!

QUIET, BROTHERS! LI'L WOLF'S GOT BAD NEWS!

LISTEN UP, FELLERS! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

MY POP THE B G BAD WOLF, IS ON H.S WAY HERE TO *CATCH* YOU!

HE'LL EAT US ALIVE!

At last we made our escape from there!
Up an infernal hill we hiked
To reach an old tree, where

We met a little pig who liked
To play what he called violin jive,
While his brother beside him fifed!

We watched
Practical Pig arrive!
With Li'l Wolf, the brain-boy breathless
Warned of danger to their lives!

HE'S *HERE!*

RUN FOR IT, MEN!

We heard a wolf-howl feckless—
The fearful foursome cowered,
Then dashed off, bold and reckless!

HALP!

HURRY! INTO THE HOUSE!

SWISH!

It was getting near the hour
When magpies roost on houses' eaves
And families dinner devour!

Big bad Zeke Wolf, king of thieves,
Fueled by eternal hunger, tried
A juicy pig meal to achieve!

WHERE'D THEM TENDER AN' JUICY PIGGES GT TO?

RIGHT IN *THERE*, MR WOLF!

Goof and wolf stood eye to eye!
That's when Zeke, both smart and mean,
Said "Listen, mac! If you don't mind,
Tell me if 'round here ya've seen
A bunch o' tasty piggy-wigs!"
Said Goof, "In THERE! >Hyuck!< Ain't I keen?"

AHHHHHH...

Zeke faced the home of the hapless pigs!
Inhaling till his chest was round,
He sneered aloud, "I'll end yer jigs!"

"You hamhocks think yer safe an' sound,
But when the wolf is at yer door,
Real hope an' safety can't be found!"

:HEE HEE!: DINNER IS SERVED!

OH NO! *HELP!*

The door fell in with a dismal roar!
And toward the roundest of the three
Zeke reached with a taloned paw!

YOU'RE TH' *PLUMP-EST!* I'LL EAT YOU FRST!

!!!

Oh, man! I didn't want to see
What happened next!
My tongue went flat
So I could not write poetry!

:HUH?!: WHATCHA *DOIN'?!*

Then suddenly that round pig got FAT!
Plumper than he'd ever been;
He swelled till I feared he'd go splat—

LOOK!

THE WOLF ISN'T WHAT HE USED TO BE!

THANK GOODNESS!

BANG!

And then what was foreseen was seen!
The swelling peaked;
the wolf was blasted
By his would-be pork cuisine!

Immortal wolf and pig outlasted
The big bang, as you see here.
Fifer got back to normal faster,
Huddling with his brothers dear.
Zeke was skinless; Li'l Wolf said
In time his fur would reappear!

CLUCK!
CACKLE!
CACKLE!
HEOWW!
HELP!

"I'd say that's Hades' punishment
For stealing what's not yours," I guessed.
As if to back up that intent,

A flock of stolen hens egressed
From Big Bad's sack, and got to work
Delivering GNAWING regrets!

BEAT IT! SCRAM! I SWEAR I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER CHICKEN AGIN!
SQUAWK!

He hollered: "Bah! I've been a JERK!
The birds I swiped are gettin' even!
My pig chase ended with no pork,

An' now I'm fit fer HALLOWEENIN'—
Lookin' like a skeleton man!
I'm DONE with stealin'! I've seen REASON..."

GOL-LEE! I NEVER SEEN SUCH A BIG TURKEY BEFORE!

"I'll be PEACEFUL as a lamb!"
But— omigosh! A passing poacher
Vowed to give this "bird" the BLAM!

BANG!
YIPE!

And so debate was brought to cloture!
Now I saw that all these ills
Were meant to REFORM the old pig-roaster!

WHUT HAPPENED TO 'IM?

DOES YOUR FATHER HAVE A COLD?

BAH! DOUBLE BAH! TRIPLE BAH!

NAH! CHICKENS GAVE HIM NDIGESTION!

Back home, medicines and pills
Restored Zeke to his furry self—
Though not quite his normal ill will!

Next time hunger seized the Wolf,
I hoped he'd use his HEAD to THINK..
And leave his BELLY on the shelf!

NOW TA VISIT THUH JOURNALISTS OF HADES!

:UGH!: SOUNDS LOVELY!

We left the Wolf's house in a wink
And headed off to have a chat
With the CIRCLE OF LIARS... surely finks!

GAWRSH! IS THAT CRITTER FER REAL?

PWERF!

OF COURSE IT IS! IT'S PFLIP!

We greeted and gave a happy pat
To funny Pflip the Thnuckle Booh
Eega Beeva's dog... or perhaps his cat!

I WAS HONEST!

I WAS HONEST!

I WAS HONEST!

I WAS HONEST!

I WAS HONEST!

Pflip led us on in through the door,
And there we saw professional fibbers
Kneeling on the floor!

Newsmen all, their big tongues gibbered
"I was honest" — again and again!
Not a fun speech to deliver!

WHEN YUH COME CLOSE TO SOMEBODY, PFLIP, AIN'T HE FORCED TA BE HONEST?

PYEP! PYEP!

I WAS A LIAR!

I WAS A LIAR!

But when Pflip walked up to them,
The newsmen's tongues became sincere;
Admitting lies from way back when!

Mixing truth
with falsehood queer
Is par for the course
with hack journalists!
Listening, I wanted outta there!

HOW 'BOUT THAT! A MATCH FLAME WITHOUT THUH MATCH!

IT'S GROWING AS WE WATCH!

A bit farther on,
the darkness was split
By a flame that steadily grew,
And the gloom of Hades was slowly lit!

GAWRSH! I'M SEE N' DOUBLE!

NO, IT REALLY IS *TWO* FLAMES — AN' THEY *TALK!*

WAK! MICKEY!

GRR! MOUSE!

As the fire approached us two,
It SPLIT IN HALF, like snakes' forked tongues,
And SPOKE — as men's tongues do!

I'M YOUR FAITHFUL FRIEND, MICKEY!

I AM DOOM, TSELF! :SNORT!:

Yet both sides still were Donald Duck!
At last, at last — I saw the TRUTH!
"Goof... I KNOW how to SAVE this cluck!"

MOUSE! NOTH NG CAN GIVE YOU FROM ME! I AM *INVINCIBLE!*

LEMME *HUG* YOU, MICKEY, OL' PAL, OL' PAL!

WHO *IS* THIS THING?

IT LOOKS LIKE...YES! IT'S *DONALD!*

The first huge head my praises sung;
The second one, a villain, struck
My ears with dire threats that stung!

ARE YUH *SORRY* FER BEIN' BAD ON EARTH?

NO!

ARE YA SORRY?

OH, *YES!* YES, I *SWEAR* IT!

Half of Donald acts uncouth;
The other half's a kindly guy!
My GOOD DEED could be
to BEST the BRUTE —

And lead Don's GOOD side home on high!
THAT would save us from this dream!
I vowed to do or die!

WE'LL *HELP* DONALD'S BETTER SELF BEAT HIS TEMPER, GOOFY!

GRRR!

WOO! HOO!

The repentant side in Donald seemed
To PUSH his fiery half aside —
And I put it out with an extinguisher stream!

THE FIRE OF YOUR BAD SIDE IS OUT!

MOO! HAH!

Don was HIMSELF! "Hooray!" he cried.
"Mickey, I'm saved from a lotta groans!
Bless you ten jillion times!"

C'MON! THAT MUST BE AN ICE CREAM PARLOR!

OR MAYBE OUR PATH TO THE MORTAL WORLD!

ICE CREAM? N HADES? UH-OH

FROZEN DESSERTS

He took my hand, and in warm tones
Said "All that fire parched my throat!
Let's go get ice cream cones!"

Don led me to a frigid moat;
The place where "just desserts," I think,
Are prepared to get souls' goats!

WHAT TH' HECK? IT'S MORE LIKE AN "I SCREAM" PARLOR!

¡BRRR!! T'S AS COLD AS THE NORTH POLE!

In what looked like a skating rink,
Guys were frozen to their necks—
Unable to do more than blink!

I asked one, "What's the deal? Heck,
We're good-deed-doers now; I thought
We'd FINISHED with our trek!"

SO TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU?

ALAS! I AM A VICTIM OF SOCCER!

Said the soul, "This cavern OUGHT
To lead YOU home! Alas, not us;
We're cheaters all— in SPORTS!"

SAY, WEREN'T YOU THAT FAMOUS REFEREE?

I SURE WAS! ¡GNAW! GNAW!¡

"As referee, I caused a fuss
With the championship at stake!
The day of the big game it was..."

WELL, THEN WHAT? STOP CRYING AND GO ON!

S-SORRY! ¡SNORF!¡ I CAN'T HELP BUT WEEP!

"...the seconds left on the clock were eight;
When my favorite team—
with the score a tie—
Committed a FOUL! Oh, cursed fate!"

SO? WEREN'T YA AN IMPARTIAL REFEREE?

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? I *LOVED* THAT TEAM! THEY *PAID* ME THE BIGGEST *BRIBES!*

"'Penalty kick!' the spectators cried;
But I wimped out and refused to CALL it!
I got 'shamed enough to die!

'Whatta ref— protects his wallet!
GO TO HADES!' fans all whined!
And so I did! Who could ignore it?"

HMM ...USTICE CAN BE HARSH!

CHOMP!

CHOMP!

"Soccer ball, you've shamed mankind,
And I'll DESTROY you if I can;
If not with feet, with teeth that grind!"

BANG!

So saying, this most wicked man
Took a most ferocious bite!
The ball exploded— BOOM! KABLAM!

The blast sent us on a dizzying flight;
Ending in the deepest, darkest
Pit among all Hades' blights!

There we found— YE CATS! The ARTIST
And the WRITER of THIS BOOK...
With Dante incensed at their smartness!

RUMBLE!

ZIZZ!

HALP! WHO SET OFF THUH H BOMB?

SUPREME TRAITOR

CONFESS! *CONFESS* IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE *BETRAYED* ME!

.TO *BRING* MICKEY AND GOOFY HERE IN A *HYPNOTIC DREAM!*

:GROAN: WE USED PETE AND ABDUL.

"A dream where IMAGINATION looked
Too real and scary to resist—
Until the full Hades tour they took!"

WHY STOP ME, MICKEY? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'D LIKE TO *DEFEND* THE AUTHORS!

I halted Dante: "Please desist!
These two used us, but we weren't hurt;
We did our good deed! We persist!"

HEAR THAT CHEERING? THEY D'D IT FOR OUR *READERS!*

MY WORD!

"An' NOW I see our trek was worth DELIGHT to boys and girls worldwide! The story an' verses brought mirth!"

LET 'EM GO!

FORGIVE THEM!

WE *LOVE* 'EM!

WELL I *WILL* RELEASE THEM ON *PROBATION!*

HEAR THAT?

WE'LL *NEVER* DO T AGAIN!

THANKS, DANTE!

"Listen to those kids," I cried; "Don'tcha see, sir, what you've gained? They LOVE your story! Feel PRIDE!"

Dante softened his proud disdain And to the wretched scribblers said: "I'll forgive you NOW— though never again!—

"For you have helped my stories spread In a manner unheard of when I first wrote! Now go, and get the world well-read!"

SO LONG, FELLOW POET!

'BYE, DANTE!

WAK! WAK!

'BYE, AND *FORGIVE* US!

YOU CAN GO *THIS* TIME!

THE DIVINE COMEDY

On Dante's nib we began to float And set out for the world above! Our journey DONE; that's all she wrote!

Was it REALLY a dream? A vision of Old Abdul— or an artist's pen? Who knows? But up we flew like doves...

AN' SAW THE STARS AGAIN!

FORMULA 1

WALT DISNEY'S

DONALD DUCK

THE WONDER DOWN UNDER

REV YOUR ENGINES, READERS! THE DUCKS ARE ABOUT TO GET INTO FORMULA ONE RACING IN A BIG WAY! AND IT ALL BEGINS WITH A RUCKUS OUTSIDE THE DUCKBURG BILLIONAIRES' CLUB...

GEE! LOOK! A FORMULA ONE RACING CAR!

AND THAT *UP-START* FLINTHEART GLOMGOLD! PRO MOTING HIMSELF AGAIN, I'LL BET!

..WITH THIS TEAM AND THIS CAR, THE GRAND PRIX PRIZE CUP IS AS GOOD AS *MINE!*

BE SMART BUY FLINTHEART

D 2001-089

THAT SET OF WHEELS MUST'VE COST YOU A *MINT*, GLOMGOLD!

YOU SAID IT! BUT A WINNER GETS *PUBLICITY* AND PUBLIC-ITY BRINGS *PROFITS!*

AND AN IDLE *BOASTER* MAKES A *NINCOMPOOP* OF HIMSELF!

WHO'S BOASTING?! MY TEAM'S THE BEST IN THE BUSI-NESS AND MY CAR'S A LEAN MEAN RACING MACHINE!

I DON'T DO THINGS *HALFWAY!* AND *THAT'S* WHAT GIVES ME THE LEAD OVER *PIKERS* LIKE YOU!

A *PIKER*, AM I?! I COULD *WHIP* YOU ON A RACE TRACK WITH MY EYES CLOSED, GLOMGOLD!

PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOJR MOUTH IS, McDUCK! THE FIRST RACE IS IN *AUSTRALIA!*

HA! YOU PROBABLY THINK I'M TOO *CHEAP* TO PONY UP A TICKET TO THE LAND DOWN UNDER!

BUT I'D CONSIDER IT A PRIME *INVESTMENT* TO TAKE *YOU* DOWN A PEG!

CARE TO *WAGER* ON THE OUTCOME?!

FINE! THE LOSER WEARS A SANDWICH BOARD ADVERTISING THE WINNER'S PRODUCTS FOR A *YEAR!*

YOU'RE ON! PREPARE TO BE *HUMILIATED!*

BE SMART BUY FLINTHEART!

YOU DUG YOUR OWN *GRAVE*, McDUCK! SEE YOU IN ALSTRALIA!

THE RACE IS IN LESS THAN A *WEEK*, UNCA SCROOGE! THE FIRST OF *SEVENTEEN!*

ULP! THAT *SOON?!* THAT *MANY?!*

HUMPH! NO CAR! NO DRIVER! YOU'RE IN *GREAT* SHAPE! GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T BET MUCH!

ARE YOU *KIDDING*, DONALD?! A WAGER AGAINST GLOMGOLD MEANS MY *HONOR'S* AT STAKE!

AND YOU KNOW ME! I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF *ACES* UP MY SLEEVE!

IF YOU'RE *SERIOUS* ABOUT THIS, YOU'LL NEED A *CRACKERJACK* DRIVER! AND *I'M* YOUR MAN!

DON'T BE *RIDICULOUS!* I KNOW A FELLOW WHO'S A *WHIZ* BEHIND THE WHEEL...

...AND HE JUST *HAPPENS* TO OWE ME A *FAVOR!* YOU AND THE BOYS CAN BE MY PIT CREW!

GREAT! SLAVE LABOR AND STARVATION WAGES! WHAT'S *NEW?!*

QUIT *GRUMBLING*, NEPHEW! WE HAVE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO. LIKE COMING UP W TH A *CAR!*

GYRO GEARLOOSE
INVENTOR OF ANYTHING

SOON...

A VEHICLE THAT MOVES LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING?! HMM... I COULD MODIFY JET ENGINES AND ENCASE THEM IN AN AERODYNAMIC SHELL...

CAREFUL, GYRO! DON'T FORGET TO KEEP THE *COSTS* DOWN!

OF COLRSE, MR. MCDUCK! I'LL USE RECYCLED PARTS! THERE ARE *LOTS* OF POSSIBILITIES!

HOLD IT A SEC, GYRO!

FEAST YOUR PEEP-ERS ON THIS ENTRY IN THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS' GUIDE!

UH-OH! "FORMULA ONE RACING CARS: RULES AND REGULATIONS"!

"MINIMUM WEIGHT... WHEEL DIMENSIONS... SAFETY FEATURES"! *ULP!* I'M NOT SURE RECYCLED PARTS ALONE WILL DO THE TRICK!

I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME LATERAL THINKING! BUT I'LL *STILL* DELIVER A TOP-NOTCH CAR!

SOUNDS LIKE *FUN!* CAN WE HELP?!

INDUS-TRIOUS HOURS LATER...

HELLO BOYS! HI GYRO! I JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE IF YOU FIXED MY TOASTER YET!

BANG! BANG!

KRACKLE!

OH! *DAISY?!* ER...

I'M AFRAID I'VE *INCORPORATED* YOUR TOASTER INTO SCROOGE McDUCK'S NEW RACECAR!

WHAT IN *HEAVEN* ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!

ONCE GYRO AND SCROOGE EXPLAIN...

FORMULA ONE?! MY! HOW *EXCITING!*

MIGHT *I* BE A PART OF THIS?

HEY, McDUCK! MIND ANSWERING A FEW QUESTIONS FOR THE BUGLE?!

A REPORTER! *SCRAM*, SONNY! I *HATE* SNOOPY NEWS HOUNDS!

BLH-BUH-BUT..

BACK OFF, UNCLE SCROOGE! YOU DON'T WANT TO *ALIENATE* THE PRESS!

EH?!

I'LL HANDLE THIS! GOODNESS! YOU CERTAINLY ARE A *HANDSOME* JOURNAL-IST!

SO I'M *SURE* YOU'LL UNDER-STAND THAT MR. McDUCK NEEDS TO FOCUS *ALL* HIS ATTENTION ON THE OPENING RACE OF THE SEASON... BLAH, BLAH...

SHE'S GOT THAT *CLUCK* EATING OUT OF HER HAND!

THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME! YOU WANT GOOD GRAND PRIX *PR*, DON'T YOU?!

GRUMBLE! I SUPPOSE COOPERATING WITH THE PRESS IS *ESSENTIAL* FOR MAXIMUM EXPOSURE!

RIGHT! BUT YOU *HATE* DEALING WITH NEWSPAPERS! SO WHY NOT LET *DAISY* DO THE DIRTY WORK?!

DO YOU THINK SHE'D *GO* FOR IT?!

YOU BET!

YIPPEE! I'LL GET TO SEE RACES ALL OVER THE *WORLD!*

WELCOME TO THE *McDUCK FORMULA ONE TEAM*, TOOTS!

A FEW DAYS LATER, HIGH OVER THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK!

YOUR WHIZ-BANG DRIVER JUST *HAPPENS* TO LIVE *HERE?*

SUBLIME SYNCHRONICITY, LADS! HIS NAME'S *KENNY KLAXON!* I WIRED AHEAD AND HE'S HOT TO TROT!

LOOK! AYERS ROCK!

"X" MARKS KENNY'S RANCH! WE'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY!

X

THERE IT IS! TAKE 'ER DOWN, DONALD!

WOW! TALK ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF NO-WHERE!

KENNY AND I GO *WAY* BACK! I ONCE HELPED HIM GIVE SOME ORNERY TEXAS OWLHOOTS THE SLIP...

...BY LETTING HIM BORROW MY CAR! BOY, COULD HE *DRIVE!*

THAT EPISODE CHANGED HIS LIFE! HE BECAME A PRO RACER... AND WON *EVERY* MATCH! A BORN CHAMP!

HE'S THE FINEST, MOST *FIT* ATHLETE I'VE EVER MET! YOU'LL SEE!

A GUY LIKE THAT SHOULD BE ON CEREAL BOXES!

'SCUSE ME, TUBBY! WE'RE LOOKING FOR KENNY KLAXON!

KENNY KLAXON?! I 'AVEN'T HEARD *THAT* NAME IN AGES, MATE!

THESE DAYS EVERYONE CALLS ME KANGAROO KENNY! *HAH! HAH!* G'DAY, SCROOGIE!

KUH-KUH-KENNY??!!

LOOK AT *YOU!* YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A WHISKER SINCE WE LAST MET, OL' FRIEND!

UH... NEITHER HAVE YOU...

IN A PIG'S EYE!

TH' LITTLE JOEY'S RIGHT! I GUESS I'VE PACKED IT ON 'COS OF MY JENNY'S COOKIN'! BUT I'M *STILL* AN ACE DRIVER!

AND BY CR KEY! I'D SURE LIKE TO ADD A *GRAND PRIX CUP* TO MY COLLECTION!

TO BIZNESS, SCROOGIE! IS THIS YOUR TEAM OR YOUR FAMILY?!

WELL, *BOTH,* ACTUALLY!

GYRO BUILT OUR CAR AND HE'S MY CHIEF MECHANIC! HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE ARE THE PIT CREW!

DAISY'S MY PR ACE IN THE HOLE! AND DONALD IS... UM... HE. ER LET'S SEE

THEY LOOK LIKE A WINNING TEAM! AND A CRACKIN' *NICE* FAMILY!

APART FROM DARLIN' JENNY, MY *ONLY* FAMILY'S HOPPIN' AROUND OUT THERE ON TH' BACK FORTY!

NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK-SEE AT TH' *CAR!* IT'S IN TH' PLANE, RIGHT?!

WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM, MEN! A *BIG* PROBLEM!

TAA-DAAA! NOTE THE UNCONVENTIONAL LINES OF THE VEHICLE! THAT'S DUE TO MY INSISTENCE THAT WE USE NOTHING BUT *INEXPENSIVE* RECYCLED MATERIALS!

SHE'S A BEAUTY! BUT... AIN'T IT A TAD ON THE *TEENSY* SIDE?!

DINGO'S KIDNEYS!! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN FIT IN THIS CONTRAPTION!

GLEEP!

ANY CHANCE YOU COULD DROP A FEW *HUNDRED* POUNDS, KENNY?!

BY TOMORROW?! *HAH!* BUT I'VE GOT A CORKER OF AN IDEA!

YOU'VE GOT A FIT YOUNG SWAGMAN RIGHT HERE, SCROOGIE! LET 'IM DRIVE!

ME?!

DONALD ??!!

THUNK!

IMPOSSIBLE! DONALD IS THE MOST USELESS, ABJECTLY INCOMPETENT, OBLIVIOUS BOOB..

OH, BLIMEY! LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL TEACH 'IM HOW!

SCROOGE REALIZES HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHOICE!

AT LEAST THERE ISN'T MUCH TO CRASH INTO AROUND HERE!

I THINK I'VE GOT IT! ENGAGE CLUTCH.. SHIFT GEARS.. DEPRESS GAS PEDAL..

EXPECT SUDDEN ACCELERATION! IT'S LIKE TH' K CK OF A...

OOOOOOO MOMMA!! HOW DO YOU STEER THIS FERSHLUGGINER THING?!!

...PSYCHOTIC WALLABY!

VRROOOMM!!

RROOOARRR!

CUSHLAMA-CREE!!

KAARROOOMM!!

INCOMING!

THANK NEWTON! HE FINALLY FOUND THE BRAKES!

AN' MY WATER PUMP!

KA-RAASH

SKREEECHHH

WELL DONE, DONNIE! NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW TO ACCELERATE, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO *DRIVE!*

DONALD IS IN FOR THE LONG HAUL! HE TRIES AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...

VRRROOOMM!

KRAASH!!

...AND AGAIN! BUT PERSISTENT AS HE IS..

R R R

ROARR!

EEEEP! HE MISSED ME BY AN INCH!

WHROOOOM!

.. IT SEEMS OBVIOUS HE DOESN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!

DARN! OUT OF GAS! FILL 'ER UP, GYRO!

THIS IS HOPELESS, KENNY! HE'LL *NEVER* LEARN TO DRIVE THAT CAR!

SPHUT-SPUTTER!

TH' WADDLER'S GOT GRIT! HE JUST NEEDS SOME PERSONAL GUIDANCE!

C'MERE, GYRO! MEBBE YOU CAN TINKER TOGETHER A... PSSST... PSSST... PSSST...

?!

NEXT DAY! THE BIG RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN IN AUSTRALIA'S ALBERT PARK!

HEH! HEH! THAT CAR LOOKS LIKE IT WAS THROWN TOGETHER IN A JUNK YARD!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS! BUT IT'S *STILL* A FIRST-CLASS MACHINE!

GET READY TO WEAR THAT SANDWICH BOARD, GLOMGOLD!

VKROOOM!

VKROOOM!

AND THEY'RE OFF!

WHAT'S WITH YOUR DRIVER, McDUCK?! WAS HE THE ONLY ONE WHO'D TAKE *LESS* THAN MINIMUM WAGE?

RRROOOOOAR!

OH DEAR! I'M SO NERVOUS! THANK GOODNESS DONALD SEEMS CONFIDENT!

FEH! HE'S *LAST* IN THE PACK! AND GLOMGOLD'S CAR HAS TAKEN THE *LEAD!*

BUT WHEN DON HITS THE STRAIGHT-AWAY...

?!

SKRRR

IT'S STILL NECK-AND-NECK WHEN OUR DUCK HAS TO MAKE A PIT STOP!

INCREDIBLE, DONALD! I NEVER IMAGINED YOU —

FIFTH GEAR WHEN ROUNDING THE SECOND CURVE?! GOT IT!

MO-MENTS LATER...

UNCA DONALD SEEMED A BIT DIS-TRACTED! *WHO* WAS HE TALKING TO?!

WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW ABOUT THIS, GYRO?!

VRROOM!

WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, MR. McDUCK...

I'VE FIGURED IT OUT, MEN! FOLLOW ME!

SEE?! UNCA DONALD'S IN RADIO CONTACT WITH HIS *PERSONAL COACH!*

...NOW SWING 'ER TO TH' LEFT AND THEN STRAIGHTEN OUT!

THAT'S BLEEDIN' MARVY! PUNCH TH' GAS AND YOU'VE GOT IT MADE!

!#$€*#!! GOTTA TELL THE *BOSS!*

AT THE FINISH LINE...

RRROOOOAAARRR!!!

YIPPEE! HE WON BY A NOSE!

TEE HEE! *DONALD DID IT!!*

SHORTLY!

YOU'RE A BALD-FACED, CONNIVING CHEATER, McDUCK! YOU HAD HELP FROM THE LEGENDARY KENNY KLAXON!

NOTHING IN THE RULES AGAINST THAT! DON'T BE A SORE LOSER, *LOSER!*

1

2

THANKS A HEAP, KENNY! I ASSUME YOU'LL BE JOINING THE TEAM FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON?!

CRIKEY! WISH I COULD, SCROOGIE...

...BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE TH' HEART TO LEAVE MY HERD O' ROOS FOR SO LONG!

OR ME AND MY COOKIN', EH, KENNY-BOY?!

BUT YOU GOT A GREAT CAR AND A RIPPIN' TEAM! YOU'LL DO *A-OKAY!*

HAW! TOUGH LUCK, McDUCK!

SO WHAT IF I'VE GOT *SIX* POINTS AND YOU'VE GOT *TEN?!* THERE ARE A SLEW OF RACES LEFT TO RUN!

AND WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF YOUR SNEAKY EXPERT, YOU WON'T WIN A SINGLE ONE!

SIGH! I'M AFRAID HE MAY BE RIGHT!

MAYBE! BUT KENNY KLAXON HIMSELF SAID *I* HAD *TALENT!*

WITH THE GRAND PRIX SEASON ONLY JUST STARTED, COULD SCROOGE'S TEAM BE FINISHED ALREADY?! WAIT TILL NEXT MONTH AND SEE!...

MICKEY'S INFERNO

Translator's Notes

It may have been the strangest spring break on record. Over Easter weekend in the year 1300, it is said, the ghost of the Roman poet Virgil led an Italian poet named Dante Alighieri on a guided tour of the Inferno—the place where sinners are punished after they die. Dante's epic poem recounting his journey appeared some years later, and a masterpiece was added to Italian literature.

It was such a major and well-known work in Italy that in 1949, when an original Mickey Mouse story was produced for the Italian Disney magazine *Topolino,* it seemed only natural to adapt the *Inferno* using Disney characters. Written by Guido Martina and drawn by Angelo Bioletto, "L'Inferno di Topolino" ("Mickey's Inferno") was serialized in *Topolino* (then a monthly) from October 1949 to March 1950. The result reflected the Disney Universe as it was at the time. You'll see Dumbo and the Three Caballeros but not Captain Hook or Maleficent. Perhaps the obscurest character to turn up, current during that era but since pretty much forgotten, is Bertie, Clarabelle Cow's cousin.

"Mickey's Inferno" does not follow Dante's *Inferno* exactly. Since Dante's original could be too gruesome for the children assumed to be reading the Mickey version, some of the liberties are understandable. That the assumed audience was schoolboys is a little obvious, too, with so many punishments along the way devoted to teachers and their students. On the other hand, the Italian audience would be expected to be at least somewhat familiar with Dante's *Inferno,* so much had to stay the same.

As in Dante, "Mickey's Inferno" is structured like a colossal strip mine, with concentric circular levels going ever deeper as they narrow like a stairstep funnel. Each level is called a "Circle" and houses a specific type of sinner. The poem itself is divided into chapters called "Cantos" (Italian for songs). Dante's Inferno itself is part of a trilogy called *The Divine Comedy.* (The "divine" wasn't Dante's doing, but was added to the title more than two centuries later.) It's a "comedy" not because it's ha-ha funny, but in an older sense of the word, in that it has a happy ending. (As opposed to a tragedy, which doesn't.) In the following two parts, Dante took tours of the other two realms of the afterlife, Purgatory and Paradise, but of course, it's the vastly more spectacular Inferno that has drawn the most interest from readers these past seven centuries.

While the rhyming captions in "Mickey's Inferno" are based on Dante, they are mostly original for the story. Only in a few places does Martina quote a line directly from Dante. What Martina does do is parody Dante, including the Inferno's insane *terza rima* ("third rhyme") rhyme scheme. That is, Dante's *Inferno* is written as a series of three-line verses. The first and third lines in a verse rhyme with each other, while the second line rhymes with the first and third lines of the next verse. And so on. The English editions of the *Inferno* I've seen don't try to imitate it, instead just presenting a poetic-sounding prose translation. But merrily skipping in where even a poet like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow feared to tread, Gemstone's editorial jack-of-all-trades David Gerstein took my literal, unrhyming translation and converted it to Dante's *terza rima* so that it captures the flavor of Martina's poetic whimsy the way Italian readers saw it.

In a sense, "Mickey's Inferno" is an underground classic. Although it had never appeared in English, rumors circulated along the American Disney fan grapevine for decades that the Italians had done an original graphic novel parodying Dante's *Inferno* with Mickey Mouse and other Disney characters in an old-time cartooning style. Unfortunately, given the language barrier and the difficulty of getting old and out of print books from overseas, most fans here certainly had no hope of ever seeing it. But if you wait long enough, almost anything can happen. And so we present it now: a rarely seen, even legendary Disney classic... and probably about the most unlikely literary adaptation imaginable!

—Dwight R. Decker
(Foreign funnybook language wrangler)